

A FUNERAL GIFT



Job 34 15. All flesh shall perish together & man shall turn again unto ^{dust}

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A
Funeral Gift:
OR, A
PREPARATION
FOR
DEATH.
WITH

Comforts against the Fears of approaching Death: And Consolations against immoderate Grief, for the loss of Friends.

By the Author of the Devout Companion.

All the Days of my appointed time will I wait, till my Change come, Job 14. 14.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Rhodes next Bride Lane in
Fleet-street, 1690.

Price Bound One Shilling.

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TO THE
TRULY HONOUR'D
The LADY, J. C.

Madam,

Your vertuous Requests, to which
your Merits gave the force of
a Commandment, oblig'd me to send
my Devout Companion into the
World; and, Madam, since it hath met
with so Candid a reception by your La-
dyship, whose early Piety proves so ex-
emplary; a Second Obligation pre-
sents it self, wherein I esteem it a
kind of Sacrilege to defraud you of
being a Patroness to that, which you
may so justly challenge.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Prayer and Meditation are the Golden Rules towards a good Life; and we can never miscarry in this dark World, if we walk by the Light of a sincere Conscience: For with these Holy Guides we implore the Almighty, to cleanse our Hearts from all vain and unlawful Thoughts, our Mouth from all foolish and idle Words, and our whole Lives from all wicked and unprofitable Deeds.

That which I offer now, Madam, to your Divine Consideration, is Mortality; a Theme which some never care to hear of, others are negligent in preparing for it, and many use their utmost endeavours to put it, as an Evil day, far from them; but all their Strategems are in vain, for Death is so potent, and bears such sway, that none can resist his invincible Power; none is exempted from the silent Grave, nor none knows how soon they may be called: Well-complexion'd Nature, indeed,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

indeed, may struggle here for a time, but at last must yield it self to that pale Messenger.

Our chief Business here, is to trim our Lamps, and be vigilant; to sow the immortal Seed of Hope, and expect hereafter to reap the increase: To deprecate the Almighty, not to cut us off in the midst of our Folly; nor suffer us to expire with our Sins unpardoned: But to make us first ready for that Celestial Kingdom, and then to receive us into eternal Glory.

This, Madam, is the only intent of this ensuing Treatise: and may these short, but plain Directions have that influence on those Persons, which stand in need of these Divine Truths, is the hearty and earnest Prayer of,

Madam,
Your humble
and Faithful Servant,
in Christ Jesus,

The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
Company held on
the 1st day of
January 1881.
The names of the
persons who were
present at the
meeting of the
Board of Directors
of the
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A
 FUNERAL GIFT,
 OR, A
 PREPARATION
 FOR
 DEATH.

Meditation I.

*Upon remembring our Creator in the
 Days of our Youth.*

TO remember thy Creator,
 was one of the choicest Ex-
 pressions in the Royal Prea-
 cher's Sermon: For who is
 he that is Young, knows whether he
 shall live to be Old? and yet that
 voice which sounds those words so

A Funeral Gift : Or,

loud to the whole Universe, is scarce audible in the Ears of many.

II.

This is one of the Divine Chanter's most harmonious Lessons ; and yet the sordid World is not pleas'd with the Tune : 'Tis a wonder ! that the best of School-Masters, should have so few Disciples, being his Rhetorick is so Divine and Excellent : and yet it is a Text, which though they will neither hear nor read, they cannot chuse but see, for the whole World upon it is a Commentary : every Creature we behold Preaches this Doctrine, which we supinely sleep out with our Eyes open.

III.

Nature wears this *Memento* in her Forehead ; the very brute Beasts in this can reason with us ; and Man could not so soon forget his Maker, did he but remember himself : But alas, Youth loves not to be put in mind of a Heavenly Being, 'twould clog his Memory and make him think of his Prayers too often.

IV.

Piety will but cool his Blood, Religion makes him look Old ; the thoughts
of

of Heaven and the other World, will create in him a greater Gravity than becomes his years: his Sanguine Complexion informs him, he is not in a fit Temper to study Divine things, he may serve God time enough, when he is at leisure.

V.

Thus these temporal Objects of Pleasure, drive away our thoughts from Celestial Dignities, and those purer Joys which attend it. We can spend the Beauty of our years in Vice, and think to please God well enough with the Deformities of old Age: We can revel away our Piety and Time in vain Delights and Pleasures, and think ourselves strong enough to force Heaven, and become Religious when we are withered with infirmities, and have nothing left us but Repentance and a Tomb.

VI.

We are so well satisfied with the sweetness of Sense, that we are careless of any other Felicity; and so much delighted with the Happiness of Sinning freely, that we could willingly be of that Religion, where Vice is most tolerated.

We place our Devotion with the *Epicure* in Nature's riots; Sportful meetings are our Religious Exercises, and a Sermon is as tiresome to us as a Funeral: to hear of our end in the midst of our Jollity, sounds like the Lecture of Death, and the unwelcome Echo of the Grave. Let the Preacher exhort us never so well, to remember our Maker, we had rather follow Satan's Doctrine to enjoy the World as long as we can, and think of Heaven when we have nothing else to do.

The Prayer.

O Lord, shall the Lusts of the World, be greater in my Soul than the love of thee? Shall the temporary Delights of Sin drown the memory of thy Glory? my Life is but a Span, and yet I beseech thee, shorten that rather than it should be spent in a neglect of thee: better this earthly Tabernacle should be dissolved, than become a Theatre for Sin to revel in.

II.

Let me pay Nature her due Debt, sooner than perhaps she would call for it,

a Preparation for Death.

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it; rather than run in Score with thy Justice : 'Tis better I should die and be lost in the Memory of the World, than ever forget thee : thou formedst me from nothing, not to sin, but to serve thee, and hast imprinted in me a Ray of thy self, that I might not seek my own, but thy Will, nor pursue the World, but Heaven.

III.

Make me therefore to see the solid and ravishing Consolation that is in serving thee ; and that joy which accompanies thy Grace, that so I may no longer follow my Sense but my Saviour : it is none of the least Sins of our Youth, that we are careless and forgetful of thee our Creator : and no wonder we are so insensible of the joys to come, that live in such a constant and continued neglect of Heaven.

IV.

Make me therefore, O my God, to Consider, that had I the Fruition of all that I can wish, or long for here, I should not only be satisfied, but in the end find how miserable he is, that setteth his Heart on any thing, but thy self ; teach me therefore so to enjoy the World, that I lose not thee, nor the Memory

Memory of that blessed reward thou hast promised to them that honour, and truly fear thee. *Amen,*

Meditation II

The remembrance of Death, a powerful Remedy against Sin.

THe serious remembrance of Death shakes off all Sense of Vanity, and turns Honey into Wormwood, and the Expectation of it, saith *Chrysostom*, permits us not to be sensible of those Delights and Pleasures, which we daily enjoy, and indeed what is it not able to perform? When duly considered, it not only takes Possession of some parts, but on the whole Fabrick of Man's Body.

II.

Death spares no Age, nor Sex, nor bears any respect to degrees of Dignity. The Young die as soon as the Old, and the Infant may end its few days in the Cradle; some may expire their last Breath, by Poyson or a Fall; others by a slow Rheum or a quick descent of Humours; some may lie oppressed

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pressed with the Waves of Affliction, and others may be Thunder-struck from Heaven.

III.

Among so many dubious, various and sudden Accidents, what Security, or what Appetite can we find to sin amidst so many incertainties? Therefore since we die daily, let us think upon Times Hour-Glass, where the Sand empties the upper Glass and fills the lower; and consider it is so with Life, every moment something slides away, the present Life empties and flows into another. Nothing here is certain to us, not the hour of the Day, nor a moment of Time.

IV.

Happy are they who wisely use every day and hour, as their last, and employ every moment of time towards the securing their Eternity. They will with readiness abstain from their wickednesses, who believe every hour and moment decreed to be their last. Could we bestow on the improvement of our Souls, the time we so vainly trifle away, our day would be short enough, not to seem tedious; and long enough to finish our appointed Task.

V. O

V.

O vain and fruitless Hope ! how many dost thou deceive and flatter, with thy deluding Promises of old Age, and yet cuttest them off in the midst of their years ! That may happen to one, which happens to many. How many has Death prevented in the midst of their Excess of wickedness, and cut off half the Crime ? How many fall with a mind full of revenge, though with an innocent hand ? How many have been snatch'd away in the Attempt, and have received the due reward of their Impieties ? many in the very moment of a wicked Action begun, have been forc'd to leave their evil Designs unfinish'd.

VI.

Now shouldst thou be in the number of those, what hour ? Nay, what moment is more certain to thee, than to another ? who can expect a Crime from such a thought ? when with that Crime he expects Death, and with Death, just Punishment ? No prudent Man will sport in the midst of a Storm, or at the brink of a Precipice contrive mischief. No man is facetious, being engaged in the midst of his armed Enemies. Then how much more supine

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pine and careless is he, who in the perpetual fear of Death, when every hour is dubious, every moment uncertain, dares presume on those things which procure an unhappy Death to Eternity?

VII.

O foolish and unwise! Whither do we run on, in a full Career, and hasten so much to be punish'd for ever? Why do we not betimes follow that prudent Council of the Son of Syrach, who like a wise School-Master delivers to us this Epithete: *In all thy works, saith he, remember thy latter end, and thou shalt not sin.*

Prayers against sudden Death.

A Almighty and everlasting God, who at first breathest into Man the Breath of Life, whereby he became a living Soul: But when thou takest away that Breath he dies, and is turn'd again to his Dust from whence he was taken. Look upon me, I beseech thee in Mercy, through the Merits of thy alone Son in whom thou art well pleased, and not on my Sins who have in a high manner provoked thy Justice. By
his

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his agony and bloody Sweat, by his bitter Death, the Price of my Redemption, deliver me from sudden and unprovided Death.

II.

O Blessed Jesu ! by all thy Labours and Pains, by thy precious Blood and sacred Wounds, by thy last Exclamations, and bitter Crys upon the Cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?* Father into thy hands I commend my Spirit. Most earnestly I beseech thee, not to hasten my Departure out of this World in thy heavy Displeasure, but in thy tender Pity and Compassion, remember that I am Dust and Ashes ; thou hast made me, and formed me throughout, O do not suddenly cast me Headlong from thee, into the Lake that burns with Fire and Brimstone, from whence there is no Redemption. But Grant me I beseech thee, a hearty and sincere Repentance, a true sorrow for sin, a broken and contrite Heart, which thou O God wilt not despise : That so living here in thy fear, I may at the last die in thy Favour, and Praise and Bless thee to all Eternity.

Medita-

Meditation III.

What Life is.

Life is as a Flower of the Field, which in the Morning is green, but in the Evening it is dried up and withered ; it is as smoke which ascends up and vanisheth to nothing ; it is a bubble, Dust, Froth, a drop of Dew ; it is Ice, a Rain-bow, a wasted Torch, a Spring-day, a most inconstant April, a Spiders-web, a slender Stalk, a small Cloud, a Bladder full of Wind.

II.

Life is like brittle Glass, a tender Leaf, a fine Silk Thread, a Golden Apple, fair to the Eyes, but infirm within. Many such things may the Life of Man be compared to, whose Body is subject to many Diseases and Pains while it lives here, and at last to Death it self ; and then it is so far from being prized and valued, that it is not to be endured above Ground, but laid to rot in the Earth, and become a Feast for Worms.

III.

Poor miserable Mortals ! what Riches

ches do we seem to heap up, what Honours do we invest our selves withal, and what Pleasures do we pretend to enjoy? Yet all these are but a Dream, short and vain: *They have slept out their sleep, and all the Men whose hands were mighty have found nothing*, says the Psalmist, *Psal. 76. 5.* O Man, thou dreamest thou wert Happy and Blessed. But of all those things which you enjoy'd, and hoped for, what do you retain? These were the Dreams of those that wak'd, and the meer Toys of Dreamers.

IV.

Life therefore, what is it? Seek but to know, and you soon will find, that the time of humane Life is a Point; Nature, Inconstancy: Sense, Obscurity: And the whole Body a Composition easily corrupted. The mind roving and unstable; Honours, Smoke; Riches, Thorns and Briars; Pleasures, Poison; and all things appertaining to the Body, are like a River which yields both Salt water and Fresh. Every thing accommodating the mind, is a Dream. Life is indeed a Warfare, as St. James tells us, and the Habitation of a Stranger in a foreign Land: The

Store-

a Preparation for Death. 13.

Store-house of innumerable Miseries,
and Fame after Death is buried in
Oblivion.

The Prayer.

O Lord, what is our Life? It is but
a Vapour which is soon vanished
and gone: thou hast given us a short
Portion of time on this side the Grave;
our Condition is vain, unsatisfied and
full of disquiet, and we have no hope
but in thee, O Lord: O teach us to
number our days, that we may apply
our Hearts unto Wisdom, to remem-
ber, and to know our latter end, that
so we may never Sin against thee.

II.

Grant that we may live, as though
we were always dying, being of mor-
tified Souls and Bodies, of bridled
Tongues and Affections, and that in-
stead of heaping up Riches, we may
strive for a Treasure of good Works,
laying up in Store for the time to come,
that having recovered our Strength,
lost by the Commission of our Sins,
when we go hence and are no more
seen, we may have a residence in those
heavenly Mansions which are prepa-
red

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red by thee our Lord and Saviour,
Amen.

Meditation IV.

That we ought continually to watch and pray.

W*atch,* said our Blessed Lord,
Because ye know not at what hour
the Son of Man will come. The Romans
watch'd in their Arms, yet sometimes
without their Shield, that they might
have nothing to rest upon to attract
them to sleep: it is therefore thy Duty,
O drowzy Mortal, to watch with vi-
gour, and well armed. Ardent Prayers
to the Almighty, are the true Arms of
Christians; and the Shield which en-
courages sleep, is the vain hope of a
longer Life.

II.

The frequent Cries of the Roman
Soldiers, were, *Wake, Wake.* Thus they
encouraged one another to Constancy
in watching: The Heavens themselves,
the seat of God's Glory, waking, and
incessantly toyling, admonish thee
to

to watch. If thou art not grown deaf like the Adder, or fallen asleep in Carnal security, hear the Voice of Christ, *Watch and Pray*: and St. Mark in his holy Gospel tells thee, that Christ in the Conclusion of his Sermon, thrice repeats these Words: Mark 13. *Take ye heed, watch and pray, for you know not when the time is, Verse 33.* Secondly, *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at Even, or at Midnight, or at the Cock crowing, or in the Morning, lest Coming suddenly he find you sleeping, Verse 35, 36.* Lastly, *And what I say unto you, I say unto you all, Watch, Verse 37.*

III.

And with the same Admonitions, by the mouth of St. Matthew, he cries to us, *Watch ye therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come, Matt. 24. 42.* and again, *Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the Son of Man cometh, Matt. 25. 13.* the same he repeats, upon the Mount of Olives, *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into Temptation, Matt. 26. 41.*

IV.

Upon the same Text, he Preaches in St. Luke's Gospel, *Watch ye therefore,*
and

and pray always, Luke 21. 36. the same watchfulness, how often doth *St. Paul* reiterate these Claps of Thunder upon us, to awaken us from sleep. We are deaf, yea dead indeed, if these loud Exhortations will not rouse us. Whoever thou art that sleepest in Viciousness, awake: Thou canst not plead ignorance, in the *Egyptians* fate, when the destroying Angel entered *Egypt*, and made a vast Slaughter, both upon Man and Beast, so that *Pharaoh's* heart was hardened to his own Destruction.

V.

Remember the Lot of the ten Virgins, when there was at Midnight, a great Cry made, and they that were prepar'd were admitted to the Nuptials; but the drowsie Sleepers were excluded. Dost thou remember the Folly of the gluttonous Servant, when his Lord came unlook'd for, and at an hour when he least thought of him? Or hast thou consider'd the vigilant Master of his Family, who wakes at all hours, that the Thief can have no opportunity to break the house open. And Lastly, dost thou remember thy Saviour was born at Midnight, and peradventure he may come at that hour to judge the Universe.

verse. Therefore watch, as if every day were thy last.

The Prayer.

GRacious God, let thy Grace reform our Lives and Manners, that we may watch diligently, and pray without Ceasing: keep our mouth from slander, guile and deceit: let us never incline to Actions of injustice or uncleanness, in partaking with Thieves, or Adulterers, either in their Sin or Punishment; that when thou who art the righteous God of the World, shalt appear in perfect Beauty, with a consuming Fire before thee, and a Tempest round about thee, with Terrours and glorious Majesty, calling the Heavens and the Earth together, to judge thy People, thou mayst gather us among thy Saints in Glory.

II.

O let the day-spring of thy Favour, visit us from on high, that we may seek thee with an early Devotion, pursue after thee, with a Constant and Active Industry, and at last possess thee with the firm Comprehensions of Love and Charity: That in this World we look-

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ing for thee in Holiness of Living, longing and thirsting after thee with fervent Desires, may for ever hereafter, behold thy Power and Glory. Give us the Mercies and the Portion of thine inheritance, that so we may Honour thee, by an eternal Oblation of Praise and Thanksgiving in the highest Heavens. *Amen.*

Meditation V.

Death often to be thought of.

MAny in this World live, as if they thought they should never die, nor in the least consider their Latter end. It was a Custome with some of old, whensoever they intended a sumptuous Feast, to put a *Deaths-head* into a Dish, and serve it up unto the Table.

II.

Which being meant for a significant, though silent Orator, to plead for Temperance and Sobriety, by minding Men of their Mortality, and that the end of their eating should be to live, and that the end of their living should be

be to dye, and the end of their dying to live for ever, (for even the Heathens who denied the Resurrection of the Body, did yet believe the immortality of the Soul,) was look'd upon by all sober and considering Guests, as the wholsomest part of their Entertainment.

III.

And since 'tis true, (what is said by *Solomon*) that Sorrow is better than Laughter, for by the sadness of the Countenance the Heart is made better; *Whereupon the Royal Preacher* concludes it better of the two, for a Man to go into the House of Mourning. I cannot but reason within my self, that when the Heart of Fools is in the House of Mirth, there can be nothing more friendly, or more agreeable to their wants, than to invite such Men to the House of Mourning, and there to treat them with a Character of the most troublesome Life of Man, (which being impartially provided, will serve as well as a Death's-head,) during the time of their floating in this Valley of Tears.

IV.

For this is useful to all, by way of In-

struction, not to be amorous of a Life, which is not only so short, as that it cannot be kept long ; but withal so full of trouble, as that 'tis hardly worth keeping. Nor by consequence to doat on a flattering World, which is so little to be enjoyed ; and its Enjoyments also so full of vexatious mixtures.

V.

Again 'tis useful to encourage us, not to stand in fear of Man, that must submit to the King of Terrours, and whilst he lives can but kill the Body. Nor to scruple at the paying that common Debt we owe to Religion, as well as Nature ; that God may give us an Acquittance, as well as Mortality : We having received an Ensurance from the infallible undertaker, that the way both to save, and prolong a Life, is Religiously to lose it, or lay it down.

VI.

Again it is useful to admonish us, (after the measure that we are negligent,) to Merchandize with the Talent of our time, for the unspeakable advantages of Life eternal ; and to do all the work we can, whilst it is Day, because, the Night cometh, when we shall

shall be able to work no more.

VII.

Lastly, it mindeth us as to be doing, because our Lord cometh, and is at hand : so to be vigilant and watchful, because we know not in what hour. In a word ; the more transitory, and the more troublesome the Life of Men shall appear to be ; by so much the better will be the Uses, which we are prompted to make of its Imperfections.

The Prayer.

TEach me O Lord, to number my days, that I may apply my Heart unto true Wisdom ; and be more ready to go to the House of Mourning, which is the Temple of the Wise ; than to enter into the House of Mirth, the School of the Scornful : Suffer me not to set my Affections on things here below, that flourish for a time, and then fade away : but grant that I may place my Affections on Heaven above, where thou sittest at the Right hand of the Father, for evermore.

II.

Set Scourges over my Thoughts, and
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the Discipline of Wisdom over my Heart, lest my Ignorance increase, and my Sins abound to my Destruction ; let my Repentance be speedy and perfect, bringing forth the Fruits of a holy Conversation. Give unto me a Faith that shall never be reprov'd, a Hope that shall never make me ashamed, a Charity that shall never cease, a Confidence in thee that shall never be compos'd, a Patience that shall never faint, a noble Christian Courage, that shall enable me to glorifie thy Name, and rejoyce in thy Mercies in the day of Recompence, at thy glorious Appearance. *Amen.*

Meditation VI.

Of the Shortness of Humane Life.

THE days of Man are but few, yet they are as many as Nature design'd him ; and his Glass is run out, without being broken, unless it be by the hand of Time. The whole Duration of time it self, is but the Non-age of Eternity ; and therefore *Moses*, (as the
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the Psalmist) spoke very aptly, when he addressed his Speech to God; *A thousand years in thy sight, are but as yesterday, when it is past*, Psal. 90. 4. which is infinitely less than was yesterday when it was present.

II.

And 'tis the same in effect with that Expression of *David*, the *Psalmist Royal*; who said his *Age was as nothing*, in respect of *him*, who is all in all; and that as great as some Men do seem to be to themselves and others, *Every Man is but Vanity at his best Estate*, Psal. 39. what he is at his worst, 'twill be impossible to express: unless we shall say with *David* too, that he is altogether lighter than *Vanity* it self.

III.

Now if a *thousand years* are but as yesterday, and as yesterday when it is past too, how short a thing is the Life of Man in Comparison? How short, when compar'd with the long Line of Time? How nothing, when compar'd with the Circle of Eternity? *Threescore and ten* are all the years which are allowed by *Moses* to a natural Man's Life; and though some are so strong as to arrive at *Fourscore*, yet that

that overplus of years is but Labour and Sorrow.

IV.

They do not live, but linger, who pass that Tropick of their Mortality. From after Threescore years and ten, they are but survivors to themselves; at least they feel themselves dying; and their Bodies become their Burdens, if not the Charnel-houses or Sepulchres, wherein their Souls lye buried.

V.

The vulgar Historians thought fit to call it, *Eorum Amplius*, which we cannot better express in *English* than if we call it, *their Surplusage of Life*; When Nature in them is so strong, as to shoot beyond her own Mark. Her Mark is *Threescore and ten*, if *Moses* himself hath set it right; or place it further at *Four-score*; farther yet, at an *Hundred*; the Life of Man, we see, is short, though it should reach the very utmost that Nature aims at.

The Prayer.

WHat didst thou bestow our Reason on us for, O Lord, but to hearken unto the voice of thy Law,
that

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that the Celestial Oratory of thy word might at least win us from an ignorant Prophaneness? Shall Heathens that had no other end, no other reward for their Piety, than some temporary Applause, or the inward Triumphs of their Spirits for doing well, out-strip us in the Beauties of a moral Life; and we that have higher and purer Hopes, be scarce honest for thy sake?

II.

Shall they that knew thee not, be more passionately good than we that have found out Heaven, and expect Eternity to succeed? Though it was not in the Power of Man to find thee; till thou didst reveal thy self in Christ; yet now having so richly and fully shewn us the Treasures of thy Love, shall we not strive to do something for thy Glory?

III.

Make us, we beseech thee, to consider the Advantages that are in thy Service, the Happiness that attends Obedience, and that Crown which is the reward of Faith: that so our Affections being mortified unto these perishing Objects here below, may be enlivened only with Desires after those

Meditation VII.

That we ought to seek early after God.

SUCH Lovers are we of Heaven, that we think it no sin to serve our selves first, and make our Creator wait the leisure of our Devotion. Miserable Creatures, whose Religion reaches no higher than their Bodies, for whose very Superfluities we study to provide, whilst our brighter part lies all naked, and unthought of.

II.

Such Strangers are we even to our own Souls, so insensible of the Joys to come, that we look no higher than the World, and in sphearing all our Hopes, within Mortality, as if we had nothing durable beyond our Breath, suffer Eternity to be forgotten.

III.

We cannot live without our Maker, and yet how do our Lives neglect him? How eager, how ambitious are we after

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ter an Enjoyment here, but carry not the smallest Passion for his Glory? The Jollities of the World swallow up all thoughts of Heaven, and in the Pleasures of Sense we can drown Immortality.

IV.

Is there any thing dearer than our Lives; and yet even these are of no value in respect of a better? The very Exigences of Nature are trifles to the Concernments of our Souls; it is better to starve, than die for ever and lose God; 'tis better to go naked than not to be cloathed with Immortality; 'tis better we should *want* here, than hereafter that fulness which knows none.

V.

And yet how many are there, that had rather lose Heaven than the World, pawn their Consciences sooner than want, and for a Fortune sell away their Christianity? How many make sin their Study, and think it a Credit to invent new Methods of impiety; and are such careful Providers for Eternity, that they will be labouriously wicked; and for a profitable iniquity, think it no loss to be privately Damn'd?

VI. Are

VI.

Are there not nobler ways of living than by losing our Names and Souls at once ? is infidelity a preservative against Misery ? And must we build our Supports on the Ruins of our Faith ? Piety makes no Man poorer, nor does Religion rob us of our Enjoyments, but makes them sweeter.

VII.

Our Contentments are not lessened, but enlarged and lengthened by adoring the Giver ; nor is the further from, but the nearer to a Blessing, that begins with Heaven, and prefers his Saviour before the World. Designs thus founded are not ever unfortunate, and he that contrives for his Soul as well as his Body, shall learn a Policy will baffle the World, and non-plus its wisest Generation ; when after all his Losses he shall find a reward richer than all the Revenues of the Earth together.

The Prayer.

ANd yet so insensible are we, O Lord, of thy Glory, and our own Felicity, that we can entertain any thing with more Pleasure than the thoughts

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thoughts of an Eternity. We can spend the allowance of our time in Sin, and sacrifice even all our years to Vice; but count a Moment too long, too much to be employ'd in thy Service: We can dwell and drown our selves in Pleasures, and think a few spare minutes a fair Gift of time for our Devotion.

II.

But as thou hast made us for thy self, O Lord, enable us to continue so, that as we have received all we have from thy Bounty, we may sacrifice all our Desires to thy Glory: knowing as nothing in this Life can make us happy without thee; so nothing can make him miserable, that hath thy Kingdom for his Inheritance.

Meditation VIII.

That Affliction is necessary to all Persons.

THERE is no Person on this side the Grave, that is exempted from Affliction, and whom God hath not visited one way or other, and sent his
Rod

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God for an Ambassadour to declare his Will, as either by the loss of an affectionate Husband, a most endeared Wife, a darling Child, or else by some pungent and grievous Sickness, or by some eminent Miscarriage in point of Honour and Estate; or if by none of all these, yet at least he has been threatened, by the woful Examples of other Men.

II.

And it is evident from that difficult, but useful Text, *Mark 9. 49.* That we must be every one *Seasoned with Salt,* or *Fire*; that our putrid Affections must be eaten out here, or else our Persons destroyed hereafter; but Blessed be he who shall preserve us in Tears of Brine, that he may not consume us in Fire of Brimstone; and we ought to smile on those Stripes, which are meant to drive us to Immortality.

III.

Let us not think our selves too wise to be thus instructed; or too old, to be thus educated; or too great to be thus corrected. Perhaps the Rabbins of our Schools, are in the School of *Jesus Christ*, no more than humble *Abcedarians*; they that are aged enough by Nature, may

a Preparation for Death. 31

may have hardly yet attain'd to be Babes of Grace ; and they who brandish the Sword of Justice, are themselves under God's Lash.

IV.

And since we cannot ever enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, unless we receive it as little Children ; let us therefore, as little Children, down on our knees before our Father ; let us Confess that we have sinned, let us ask him Forgiveness, and promise never to do the like.

V.

He will not cast away his Rod, until he sees that we have kiss'd it ; and that we can say with the Prophet *David*, *it is good for us to have been afflicted.* For whom his Menaces do not better, they accidentally make worse ; and if we harden our Hearts, we do but weighten his hand.

The Prayer.

SO miserable, hath Sin made us, O Lord, that we are all become the Sons and Daughters of Afflictions ; we have lost, not only Paradise, but Heaven too ; forfeited not only the Pleasures

tures of this Life, but also the Joys to come, and with the true Comforts of the World are stript of thy Favour too.

II.

He whom thou madest the Monarch of the Creatures, groans under the Bondage of Sin ; and by the misery of his Crimes, hath cancell'd almost the Glory and Miracles of thy work. And now might we have been extinguish'd in our Guilt, had not he, who is the brightness of thy Glory dropt a new Life into our eclipsed Natures, by the Power of his Blood and Merits ; and by reconcileing us to thy self, given us an Admission to better and more enduring Pleasures.

III.

Grant therefore, that having obtained Mercy, we may walk accordingly ; that being bought for Heaven, we may no more sell our selves to Sin, nor vainly prefer a few moments of Pleasure, before an Eternity of Joy ; that so, when our Souls shall expire with our Breath, they may be transplanted to those Heavenly Mansions that never fade, and enjoy the Pleasures of Eternity in the Bosome of thy Glory.

Meditation IX.

That Affliction is a Mark of God's favour.

THAT God is never so much in wrath, as when he will not vouchsafe to strike. I remember *Spartianus* observes of *Geta*, much what *Tacitus* did of *Tiberius*: He made so much of those Persons whom he design'd for Slaughter, that his Embraces, and his best Looks became more dreadful than all his frowns.

II.

Yet considering how rarely it is given to one and the same Man, to sit with *Dives* at his Table, and to lye with *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosome; to have his good things here and hereafter too; I cannot but say of many Persons, whom the World calls Happy, that they who have most of God's Bounty, may yet have least of his Love, and Favour.

III.

For seeing it is true, what the Scripture saith, *That whom God loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth,* Heb. 12. 6. we may with good Logick infer,

infer that whom he chastneth not, he doth not love; nor receive any Son whom he doth not scourge.

IV.

It was shrewdly said of *Solon*, (if we believe *Herodotus*,) that the Minions of the Earth, are but the sport of Heaven. God often lends them a kind of Happiness, only to shew them he does but lend it; at once does prosper their Branches, and curse their Root; turns them loose into Plenty, as fit to be fatted for the Shambles.

V.

And now methinks the difference may be this, betwixt a good Man afflicted, and an ill Man prosperous, that the first does seem to be clearly under God's curse, and the second to be beyond it; that indeed a tormented, but this a desperate Patient.

The Prayer.

DO thou therefore, O Lord, elevate our Souls, and withdraw them from these beggerly Elements, to purer and more Celestial Addresses: Let thy Kingdom be not our refuge only, but our Choice, and the perfect Resolution

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Resolution of our Souls, to despise the Flatteries of the World, for that Glory which nothing but our Sins can deprive us of.

II.

And as thou hast made us for thy self, O Lord, enable us so to continue, that as we have received all that we have from thy Bounty, we may sacrifice all our Desires to thy Glory: knowing that as nothing in this Life can make us Happy without thee; so nothing can make him miserable that hath thy Kingdom for his Inheritance.

Meditation X.

Of Man's Original, being born to die.

IT is demonstrably prov'd we must one day die, because we did one day begin to live. All that is Born of a Woman is both mixt and compounded, after the Image of the Woman of whom it is born; not only mixt of the four Elements, but also compounded of Matter and Form: and all things compounded

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pounded must be dissolved, into the very same Principles of which at first they were compos'd.

II.

Hence are those pangs and yernings of the Flesh and the Spirit, of the Appetite and the Will, of the Law in the Members, and the Law in the Mind, the one inclining towards Earth, from whence 'twas taken ; and the other towards Heaven, from whence 'twas sent.

III.

The truth of this had been apparent, if it had been only taken out of *Aristotle's School* ; but we have it confirmed out of *Solomon's Porch* too : for in the day when Man goeth to his *Long Home*, when the *Grinders cease*, and the *Windows be darkned*, and all the *Daughters of Musick are brought low*, when the *Silver Cord is once loos'd*, and the *Golden Bowl broken*, so as the *Mourners are going about the Streets* ; then the *Dust shall return to the Earth as it was*, and the *Spirit shall return to God that gave it*, Eccles. 12. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

IV.

When God himself was pleased to be born of a Woman, he submitted to the Conditions of Mortality, and had

but a short time to live ; for he expired by Crucifixion before he was full thirty four years of Age.

V.

Man hath a short time indeed, as he is born of a Woman, for he cometh forth as a Flower, and as a Flower he is cut down. He flyeth also as a shadow , and continueth not. And therefore *Epictetus* did fitly argue the very great fickleness, and frailty of Worldly things: First, because they were made, and therefore had their beginning ; next because they are made ours, and therefore must have a speedy end.

VI.

For if we will be but so just, and so impartial to our selves, as to Arraign our Bodies at the Tribunal of our Reason, they will be found, by Composition, no more than well complexion'd Dust. *Dust thou art*, said God to *Adam*, Gen. 3. 19. *Dust and Ashes I am*, said *Abraham* to God, Gen. 18. 27. He knoweth saith the Psalmist, *Whereof we are made, he remembreth we are but Dust*, Psal. 103. 14.

VII.

Were it not that the Spirit of Man
goeth

goeth upward, whilst the Spirit of a Beast goeth downward to the Earth, there would be no Preheminence of the one over the other ; for all go unto one place, (as to the Centre of the Body,) All are of the Dust, and all turn to Dust again, Eccles. 3. 19, 20.

VIII.

Which shews the Vanity and Sickness of those Mens Souls, who erect such strong and stately Sepulchres for their Bodies, for fear the poor Mans Dust should sully their's ; as if they did not remember, that *Man is born of a Woman*, and that his very *Foundation is in the Dust*, Job 4. 19. he may have the more Vanity, but not the more Understanding for being in Honour, and may the sooner be compar'd to the Beasts that perish, Psal. 49. 12.

IX.

The Protoplast was formed of the Dust of the ground, Gen. 2. 27. and however his Posterity hath been distinguish'd, by issuing out from that Fountain through several Channels, yet their Original Extraction must needs be vile ; (if any thing can be vile which is of God's own making) for all Men descended out of the very same

same *Eve* ; and so by *Her* out of the very same *Adam* ; and so by *Him* out of the very same Earth.

The Prayer.

WE know, O Lord, that thou created'st us after thine own Image, and designed'st us for to die, as soon as we were born ; but thou hast sweetned the Bitterness of it to us, by first tasting of it thy self ; and hast taken away the Sting of it, that when ever it comes it will prove to us an advantage.

II.

Dust we are, O Lord, and to Dust we must return, High and Low, Rich and Poor, from the Swayer of the Sceptre, to the Drawer of Water, must one day appear before thee : O then ! in thy tender Mercy and Compassion have Pity upon poor Dust and Ashes : Let not those many failings we are guilty of in this World, any ways hinder thy Mercy in sealing our Pardon, but receive us graciously.

III.

Bring down, and subdue in us every vain Thought, and every proud Look,
that

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that exalts its self against thee ; mortifie in us all sensual Lusts and vile Affections ; and bring our Souls and Bodies under the Discipline of true Obedience to thee, and thy Holy Will ; that having learned to deny all ungodliness and worldly Lusts, we may live Soberly, Godly and Righteously in this present evil World, and at last arrive to thine Heavenly Kingdom to live for evermore. *Amen.*

Meditation XI.

Memorials hourly necessary, upon the four last things : Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven.

MOST freely went that Blessed Father St. *Augustine* to work, when he expressed himself in this manner, *I inherit sin from my Father, an excuse from my Mother, Lying from the Devil, Folly from the World, and Self-conceit from the Pride and arrogant Opinion of my self. Deceitful have been the Imaginations of thy Heart, Crooked have been thy ways : Malicious thy works. And yet*
hast

hast thou taken the Judgments of God in thy mouth ; desiring nothing more than to blind the Eye of the World with a counterfeit Zeal.

II.

But all such Hypocrites, God will judge, and will not be mocked. For as the Devil has his Sieve, with which the good escape, and the bad remain : So God hath his Fan which scatters the wicked, but retains the Godly. And when he shall separate the Goats from the Sheep ; the Wheat from the Tares ; when the Just and the Wicked shall appear before him : and every Man shall be put in the Ballance, I fear, O my Soul, thou wilt then be found many Grains too light.

III.

Thy only Remedy then, is this proper Medicine, to prepare thy self against that great and terrible Day ; and to furnish thee with those Directions, that may make thee a true Convert, of an impenitent Sinner. Recal to mind those four last Remembrances : Memorials hourly to be thought, and so necessary to be retained in thy Memory, as the Christian use of them may prepare thee before Death sum-

mon thee ; and in this vale of Misery,
fit thee for thy Heavenly Voyage to
Eternity.

IV.

And yet whilst I entertain thee with
these Precepts, I find thy Condition to
be dangerous : For if thou seriously
ponder them in thy mind, and lay
them home to thy Heart, the very
thoughts of them cannot chuse but star-
tle thee : and if thou neglect them,
which are so useful for thy Salvation,
thou wilt stand amazed, when they
encounter thee.

The Prayer.

O Lord remember me in thy Mer-
cy ; and so prepare my Memo-
ry ; that these four necessary Remem-
brances, may never depart from me.
Let me be prepar'd for Death before
it come, that it may never surprize me
unprovided, whensoever it shall come !
Let me think of that dreadful day
of Judgment ; and judge my self be-
fore I am judged, that I may not when
I am weighed in the Ballance, be found
wanting.

II.

Let not me forget there is a Hell for the damned; and consider that it is better by timely fearing, to avoid it: than by never dreaming of it, to fall headlong into it. Lastly, let me think of Heaven, that it is the Habitation of the Blessed, and that none but those that are of a clean Heart shall dwell in it. O cleanse thou my Heart, that I may be prepared for it, and with spiritual Joy be received into it.

Meditation XII.

On Death. —

IT is strange that Death should be such a Stranger to thee, when he so daily visits thy Neighbours. Thou hast been familiarly acquainted with many, whose Habitations are not now to be found; which have enjoyed the Pleasures of Sin freely; others who have enlarged their Barns and Store-houses carefully; others, who have in a splendid manner arrived to Honours highest Pinacle, and could deliver their Com-

mands with Grandeur and Magnificence : And now behold ! All these have endured Death's Arrest, and were forced to obey his grim Command.

II.

And now consider, having made their Beds in the dark, They have left their Houses unto others ; they are gone unto their Graves, and must not return again ! their Substance they have left unto others : and Strangers are become their Heirs. They are rooted out from the Face of the Earth, and now they consider the Vanity of their Desires : How they, who laid Land to Land while they were here, are now content with a small scantling in their return to their last home.

III.

Poor Shell of Corruption, what dost thou think of these things ? I am certain, that great Revenues, swelling Honours, smiling Pleasures are dangerous and pernicious Eye-sores to a dying Man. He looks back upon his Honours, and enquires of them, if they can relieve him : but like false hearted retainers, they fly from him, and present their Service to another ; so quickly have they forgot their dying Master.

IV.

IV.

He looks back then upon his Revenues, those Goods of Fortune, his in-chested Treasures, and asks of them, if they cannot Ransome him? But alas, they have no such Commission: they reserve themselves for his Prodigal Successor, or succeeding Rioter: for they were so poorly used and employed by him, that they have quickly forgot their dying Master. At last he looks back upon his unhappy Pleasures, which now torment him more, than ever they did delight him; and he would be inform'd of them, if they can allay, or any ways mitigate his Pain? But alas, they soon leave him, for they find nothing near him, that can give them Entertainment.

V.

An easie farewell then have these taken of their dying Master. But thou, poor Sinner, hast no Honours to transport thee; no Fortunes to detain thee; no Pleasures to ensnare thee: For the first, the Countenance of Greatness never shone upon thee; for the second, Worldly Wealth could never yet so burden thee: And for the last, though thy Youth might affect them, the infirmities

firmities of Age have now estranged them from thee.

VI.

And yet the voice of Death is more terrible to thee, than the loud Report of a roaring Cannon. No Note more doleful, or Summons more fearful; in this thou art in some measure excusable; because Death is fearful to all Flesh. Plant not thy hopes so upon Earth, as if thou intendedst never to go from Earth, or to return to it from whence thou wast taken. If thou canst find nothing on Earth worthy to entertain thee, thou art in the unhappiest Condition that may befall thee.

VII.

O think then of that time, even now while thou hast time, when thy poor languishing Soul, finding thy Eyes shut, thy Mouth closed, and all those Senses of thy Body perished, by which she used to pass forth, and be delighted in these outward things wherewith she was affected, shall return unto her self: and seeing her self all alone and naked, as one afflicted and affrighted with exceeding Horror, shall through Despair fail and fall under her self: O whether wilt thou fly in hope of Succour,
to

to comfort thy poor Soul, in such a time of Danger.

The Prayer.

EVEN to thee will I fly, O God of my Salvation, for thou wilt not suffer my Soul to descend to Corruption, such is thy loving kindness, as thou hast promised to make all my Bed in my Sickness. And because nothing is more certain than Death; nothing more uncertain than the hour: and that the pale Messenger may appear less fearful unto me, send thy Holy Spirit to Comfort me; that being inwardly armed by thee against the Assaults of Death, and fury of my Ghostly Enemy, I may fight a good Fight, and with Fortitude cry out: O Death! where is thy Sting? O Hell! where is thy Victory?

Meditation XIII.

Upon Judgment.

I Tremble to think of that dreadful day, and yet know not how to avoid it! Judged I must be, and who will

will answer for me? An infallible Witness I have within, to accuse me: Sins of Omission, and of Commission to impeach me; Sins of Ignorance, Knowledge, and of Malice to convict me: though any one of these were sufficient to condemn me.

II.

But perhaps thou wilt be upon the Enquiry, to know for what thou art to be brought to Account for? And the occasion of thy appearing before the great Tribunal Seat of Judgment? *Solomon* will furnish thee with a ready Answer, and informs thee, it is even for all thy *Thoughts, Words and Works.* For God will bring every *Work into Judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be Good, or whether it be Evil, Eccles. 12. 12.*

III.

And that it may appear, that thou shalt be accountable for all these: First, touching thy *Thoughts*: of these thou shalt be judged; For *froward Thoughts separate from God. Wisd. 1.* and He shall judge the secrets of Men. Their Conscience also bearing Witness, and their *Thoughts the mean while accusing, or excusing one another, Rom. 2. 15.*

IV.

IV.

Next, thou shalt give an Account of all thy *Words*. Of every idle *Word* that Men shall speak, they shall give Account in the Day of Judgment, Mat. 12. 36.

Thirdly, thou shalt be accountable for all thy *Works*. For we must all appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his Body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, 2 Cor. 5. 10.

V.

Immortal, but afflicted Soul, canst thou hear all this, and not dissolve thy self into Tears? When not only in thy Bed of Sickness, by a secret Divine Power, all those *Works* which thou hast done, be they Good or Evil, shall be presented, and appear before thee; but in that great and fearful day of Account, when all Flesh shall come to Judgment: All these in Capitals shall appear written before thee.

VI.

Not one Bosome Sin, were it never so closely committed, subtilly covered, or cunningly carried, but must be there discovered. Adam shall be brought from his *Bushes*, and Sarah from behind the *Tent-Door*, and mis-

nable perplexed Man shall say to his Conscience, as *Ahab* said to *Elias*, *Hast thou found me, O mine Enemy?* What innumerable Bills of Inditements then will there be preferred against thee? To all which, thou must hang down thy Head, and plead Guilty?

VII.

O how art thou fallen into the Gall of Bitterness and Misery! what can the Thoughts and the Imaginations of thine Heart say for themselves, but that they have been evil continually? What can the words of thy Mouth speak for themselves, but that they have been full of all filthiness and obscenity? Lastly, what can the works of thine hands plead for themselves, but that they have been laden with Transgressions and Iniquities.

VIII.

But perhaps thou hast some fond hopes of a Pardon, and so like some deluded Offenders, by flattering thy self with a vain hope of Life, alienatest thy thoughts from thinking of a better Life. But do not so deceive thy self; for if it be not by faithful Repentance sought for here, there is no hope for any Pardon there to be procured; nor
for

for any Appeal to be there admitted ; not one minutes reprieve granted , nor one moment of Adjournment of Death's heavy Sentence. That severe Sentence of eternal Death, *Depart from me*, shall be the Sentence ; to lose whose Countenance, and depart from his Presence, is to bring thy Soul into endless Torments.

The Prayer.

O My God, thou who hast appointed a time for every Man to die, and after that to come to Judgment ; make me to remember my End ; that fitting my self for it, I may cheerfully encounter it, and so prepare my self for that Judgment which shall come after it.

II.

O make me walk in thy light, now while I have light to walk in ; and to work out my Salvation now while I have time to work in. For time will come, (unless we walk here as Children of light) when we shall have neither light to walk in, nor time to work in. O inflame my Heart with thy Love : and teach me thy Judgments, and my Soul shall live. Medita-

Meditation XIV.

Upon Hell.

HArk ! how the Damned cry out, that while they were here on Earth, they lived better than thou, and yet they undergo the Sentence of Damnation ! thus they tax God's Mercy, and indulgence towards thee of Injustice and Partiality. Such is those Damned Souls Charity, mean time thou livest securely, feedest deliciously, and putt'st the thought of the evil day from thee, by walking foolishly in the ways of Vanity.

II.

Little desire then mayst thou have, sinful Man, to see Death ; having so little hope of Life after it. Had some of those damned Objects, who are now lost for ever, received those many sweet Visits, Motions and free Offers of his Grace ; those opportunities of doing good, and many means of eschewing evil ; no question but they would have been as ready to entertain them, as thou hast been to reject them.

III.

III.

Think with thy self, how happy had that Rich Glutton been, if he had rewarded poor *Lazarus* with some few Crumbs from his Table. Had it not been far better for him, to have given to the Poor all that ever he had; To have disrobed himself, and exchang'd his purpled Garments for Rags of Poverty, than to dwell in everlasting Burnings?

IV.

How happy had that rich Man in the Gospel been, if instead of encreasing his Barns, he had enlarged his Bowels to the Poor! little dreamt he, how soon his Soul should be taken from him; when he address'd his Care for so needless a Provision. His thoughts were so taken up with Building his Barns wider; that he never considered, *How Tophet was ordained of old; how it was made deep and large; the Pile thereof Fire and much Wood; and how the Breath of the Lord, like a stream of Brimstone, doth kindle it, Esay 30. 33.*

V.

Turn unto thy self, O my Soul, and see whom thou canst find in more Danger of falling into that place of Horror,

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ror, than thy self? How hast thou bestowed thy time? how hast thou employed thy Talent? hast thou not laid it up in a Napkin? or hast not thou worse improved it, by employing it to some ignoble Ends? have not many been damned for less than thou hast committed? and did it grieve thee to repent of what thou hadst done, that thou might'st escape that Condemnation?

VI.

Many a wretched Soul lies there tormented for less Offences than ever thou transacted; and hast thou yet turned to the Lord, that thou mayst be pardoned? It is written in what hour soever the *Righteous* committeth *iniquity*, his *Righteousness* shall not be had in Remembrance, Ezek. 18. 24. Now if the Righteousness of him shall be forgotten by committing iniquity, who leaveth what he once loved, relinquisheth what he once professed; what can we think of the Repentance of that Sinner, who returns again to his Sins, like the Dog to the Vomit, or like the Sow to her wallowing in the Mire?

VII.

How many have ascended even up
to

to Heaven, and amongst the Stars have built their Nests: and yet have suddenly fallen from that Glory, by glorying in their own Strength, and so drench'd themselves into endless Misery? And this was the Reason of their lost Estate, because they aspired unto that Mountain to which the first Angel ascended, and as a Devil descended.

VIII.

And canst thou excuse thy self of being one of that number? Hast thou not sometimes made a fair shew to the World of plausible Arguments of Piety? hast thou not been sometimes like the *King's Daughter*, all glorious without? but how soon didst thou lose this Glory, and fall from that seeming Sanctity or Holy Hypocrisie, into open Prophaneness and Impiety?

IX.

And now what will become of me in this extremity! the Wages of sin, I know, is Death; a Death that never dieth, but liveth eternally: where nothing shall be heard but weeping and wailing, groaning and howling, sorrowing and gnashing of Teeth. How grievous then shall be my Anguish! how endless my Sorrow and Sadness!

when

when I shall be set apart from the Society of the Just, deprived of the sight of God; deliver'd up unto the Power of the Devils, and forced along with them into unquenchable Fire, there to remain to all Eternity?

X.

With what dejected Eyes, and a trembling Heart shall I poor Sinner stand, expecting the supream Judge; when I shall be banished from that blessed Countrey of Paradise, to be devoured in the gaping bottomless Pit, where I must never have the Prospect of a Glimpse of light, nor feel the least drop of Refreshment: but be tormented for Millions of years: and so tormented, as never to be from thence deliver'd: where neither the Tormentors become wearied; nor they die who are tormented.

The Prayer.

O My dear Lord, look upon the price of thine own Blood. Thou hast bought me with a great Price: O deliver thy Darling from the Power of the Dogs: remember me in Mercy, whom thou hast bought, O let me not go.

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go down into the Pit : neither let the
Deep swallow me up.

II.

For who shall Praise thy Name in
the Deep, or declare thy Power in the
Grave of Silence ? O thou who art a
God of infinite Majesty, though the
Terrors of Death, and Torments of
Hell encompass me, yet art thou my
Saviour, my Succour, and wilt deliver
me : and my Soul shall live to Praise
thee evermore.

Meditation XV.

Upon Heaven.

O How should I look up to thee,
that have so provok'd thee ? O
thou Mansion of the Saints ; thou Por-
tion of the Just ; thou City of the
great King ; thou Heavenly and most
happy Kingdom ; where thy blessed
Inhabitants are ever living and never
dying ; where thy glorious State is
ever flourishing and never declining.

II.

I must Confess to my great Grief
and Shame, that I have no Interest in
thee.

thee. I have unhappily lost thee, in losing my Soul, by selling it to Vanity. I sometimes resolv'd to Play the part of a wise Merchant, and to sell all I had for the purchase of one Pearl. But I held the Purchase at too dear a Rate, and therefore I have deservingly lost the Jewel.

III.

Foolish Sinner, couldst thou find any thing of greater weight to entertain thy best thoughts, or bestow thy Care, than the Salvation of thy Soul. Didst thou think it so easie a Task to get Heaven, by an earthly Purchase; yet hadst thou but taken half so much Pains to deserve Heaven, as thou hast done to win Hell: Thou mightest have challenged more Interest to Heaven, than now thou canst.

IV.

Many Summer Days, and long Winter Nights have thy Follies taken thee up: And these seem'd short unto thee, because thou tookest delight in those short Pleasures of Vanity: but to bestow one short hour upon Devotion, how many Distractions did that meet withal; and how long and tedious seem'd that hour, because the Task was
weari-

wearisome, and thy wandering mind was not inclin'd to so serious a work.

V.

And canst thou now think that so Rich a Kingdom would reserve it self for thee; when thou wouldst neither knock to be admitted entrance, nor seek after so great a Happiness? Health, thou art well inform'd, comes not from the Clouds without seeking, nor Wealth from the Ground without digging; and yet Heaven thou thinkest is got by sloth: but great Prizes are not so purchased.

VI.

For as the Gate of the Blessed is strait, and few there be that enter; so are our Tribulations many, that we may be of that few which may gain Admittance. But I hear thee now cry out, as one that had some Sense of his Misery, and of the loss he has incurred by Sins committed. Thou dost now bewail thy past Follies, and correct thy self for so great a neglect; thou knowest not how to allay thy Passion, till Reason inclines thee to this Meditation.

VII.

Miserable Sinner, I cannot behold
this

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this Earth I tread on without blushing ; nor can I think upon Death without sorrowing ; the Day of Judgment, without trembling ; Hell, without shaking ; nor of the Joys of Heaven without Astonishment. For Earth, I loved it so well, as the remembrance of Death, became sorrowful. For by it I understood I was to be brought to Judgment ; and from thence, having no defensive Answer, to be hurried down to the place of torment, and consequently to forfeit all my Title and interest in Heaven.

VIII.

These Meditations ought to make a deep impression upon our Minds ; for to acknowledge our Infirmities, may make us the speedier look for a Remedy, and by degrees find a happy Recovery ; joyn then all thy Faculties, and offer up thy Prayer to the Throne of Grace, that God in his Mercy would look upon thee.

The Prayer.

GRACIOUS God, though I am altogether unworthy to lift up my Eyes unto Heaven, or to offer up my Prayers

Prayers unto thee, much less to be heard by thee: yet for his Merits and Mercies sake, who sitteth at thy right hand, and maketh intercession for me, reserve a place in thy Heavenly Kingdom for me.

II.

Dear Lord, in thy House are many Mansions, O bring me thither, that I may joyn my voice with those voices of the Angels, and sing Praises to thy Holy Name, who fittest in the highest Heavens for ever, World without end. *Amen.*

Meditation XVI

The remembrance of the four last things reduced to Practice.

I Find my Soul like a dry ground where no water is! and wheresoever I turn my self, I find Affliction and Misery on all sides surrounding me. What shall I do, or where shall I fly? When I repose my self from the World in some with-drawing Room, intending to forget this lower Orb, and prepare my self for the Joys of a better Life: while

while I begin to commune with my own thoughts in the secret Chamber of my Heart, I become so affrighted with the Representation of those four last Remembrances, as I wholly forget what I intended to speak.

II.

My Tongue begins to cleave to the Roof of my Mouth, my Moisture is dried within me; those Active Faculties of my Soul leave me: And my understanding departs from me. O Death! how bitter is the Remembrance of thee? with Terror thou summonest me; and like a surly Guest thou rushest upon me, and resolvest to lodge with me! then immediately I feel my self wounded; and so mortally as not to be cured.

III.

O how my Divine Eye-sight grows dim, my panting Breast beats; my hoarse Throat ratleth, my Teeth grow black and rusty, my Countenance grows pale, all my Members stiff; every Sense and Faculty fails; and my wasted Body threatens a speedy Dissolution! yet desires my poor Soul to be a Guest, though there is cold Comfort to be found in such a forlorn Inn.

IV. But

IV.

But what are all these Terrors of Death to the dreadful Day of Judgment, when at the voice of the Arch-Angel, and sound of the Trumpet, all the little heaps of Dust shall rise! where none shall be exempted, but all judged. How terrible, in Majesty, will that great Judge appear to such, as in this Life would neither be allured by his Promises, nor awakened by his Judgments?

V.

How doleful will that Echoing voice sound in their Ear, *Depart from me, I know you not!* And how ready will that officious Jaylor be, upon the delivery of this heavy Sentence, to cast them into utter darkness; a place of endless Torments: where the Cursings and Howlings of Fiends and Furies shall entertain their melodious Ear; deformed and hideous sights shall entertain their Lascivious eye, loathsome Steriches their delicious Smell: Sulphur and Brimstone their luscious Taste; Grasplings and Embracings of Snakes, their amorous Touch; and Anguish and Horror every Sense.

VI.

Where those miserable damned Souls
shall

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shall be tormented, both in their Flesh and Spirit. In their Flesh, by Fire ever burning, and never decaying : and in their Spirit by the Worm of Conscience ever gnawing, and never dying ! where there shall be Grief intolerable Fear horrible, Filth incomparable ; Death both of Soul and Body without hope of Pardon, or Mercy.

VII.

And now to close with the last ; the loss whereof exceeds our Sufferings in all the rest. When we consider our unhappiness not only to get Hell, the Lake of Horror and Misery ; but to lose Heaven, the place of endless Joy and Felicity : what Heart can ponder on it, and not resolve it self into a Sea of Tears, in Contemplation of it ?

VIII.

What can the wretched Soul imagine, when she listeth up the light of her mind, and beholds the Glory of those immortal Riches, and withal considers how she has lost all, for the petty Concerns of this Life ; O how can she be less than confounded with Anguish, and cry out in the affliction of her Spirit, when she shall cast her Eyes upon this worthless Earth, and
take

take a full Prospect of this uneasie World, and perceive how her sight was intercepted by a foggy Mist. Then presently looking up, admiring the Beauty of that eternal Light, she instantly concludes, that it was nothing else but Night and Darknes she here embraced.

IX.

O how then she faints, falters, and fruitlessly desires, that she might have some small Remnant of time allotted her; what a sharp Remedy; what a severe manner of Conversation would she enter upon? What great Promises would she endeavour to perform? and with what strict Bonds of Devotion would she seemingly bind her self? but then all will be in vain, for the Decree is gone forth, and as she had her full swing of Pleasures here, so she must have her just measure of Torments hereafter.

The Prayer.

Most Gracious and dear Lord, out of thy boundless Compassion, look upon my grievous Affliction. Keep not silence at my Tears, for I
D am

am a Stranger with thee, and a Sojourner as all my Fathers were. I have none to fly unto, but thee; and so highly have I provoked thee, that unless thou takest Pity, and receivest me, for his Blood, which was shed for me, I am lost eternally.

II.

O thou good Shepherd, call me thy
lost sheep home; for I am lost unless
thou callest me; Lost for ever, unless
thou savest me.

Meditation XVII.

*With Comfort Faith applies her self to the
sick Man's Conscience.*

Wounds cannot be cured, before they be opened. Neither do we doubt, but by ministring some fitting Prescriptions, our endeavours will bring forth such good Effect, as you shall find great ease in your Afflictions. You tell me, how the remembrance of your End is very terrible to you : not so much in regard of your fear of Death, as of that dreadful Day of Judgment, which attends it. II

II.

For you find in your self such an infinite and unsupportable weight of sins pressing down your Soul even to the Gates of Hell, as less than grieve you cannot; else were you insensible of the loss of a Soul. Trust me, Sinner, so far am I from condoling with you, as I rejoyce in your sorrowing: for this Sense of your Sins, leads you to a Remedy, which had you not been afflicted, and brought even to the brink of the Pit, you had still lived in supine Carelessness.

III.

Now may you say with the Royal Psalmist, *It is good for me, that I have been afflicted*; Else you might have gloried in your Sins, and have perished for ever. Be then of good Comfort: and suffer not Cain's desperate Conclusion to take possession of your Spirits: for I must tell you; He sinned more in saying, *Greater is my Sin than can be pardoned*; than in murdering his Brother: for as in the one, he laid violent hands on the image of God; so in the other he detracted from the highest and dearest Prerogative belonging to him.

IV.

For there is no Attribute wherewith he is more delighted, than to be styled a *God of Mercy*. We may safely then conclude, that Despair is of a more high and hainous Nature than any sin. For tell me, has not God himself with his own Mouth promised, and is he not able, and willing to perform what he hath promised? That, *at what time soever a Sinner doth repent him of his Sin, from the bottom of his Heart, He will put away all his wickedness out of his remembrance,* Ezek. 18. though late Repentance then be seldom true, yet true Repentance never comes too late.

V.

The good Thief on the Cross, had no sooner repented him of his Sin, and Confessed Christ, but he was even at the last hour received to Mercy: which Example, as it admits no Liberty to encourage any to presume, so it is a Fortification to others against Despair.

VI.

Indeed there is nothing that endangers Man's Salvation more, than by giving way to delay: yet when the sorrowful Soul heartily repents him of what is past, and with a constant Religious

ligious resolve, intends to redeem the time to come ; his pious Tears, devout Prayers , Holy Resolves will find ready Admittance to the Throne of Grace. For as his Mercy is above all his Works, so will he extend it in a large manner, on that Work which stands in most need of his Mercy.

VII.

This your long Experience has observed and plenteously tasted, else have your Sojourning years been ill bestowed, that he is Gracious, Merciful, and of Long-suffering : and it has been evermore the Property of this good and careful Shepherd to call home those that were wandring, and to embrace those that were returning. It has been ever the Condition of this valiant *Joshua*, to exhort you to fight, and then to assist you in the Conquest.

VIII.

Come then tell me, are you weary and so heavy laden, that you must faint by the way, if you be not refreshed? Go to him that has invited you, and you will receive Comfort! be not then wavering in your Faith, but take fast hold of his Promises, who will not fail you : and rely on his Mer-

cies, who in your greatest straits will deliver you.

The Prayer.

Blessed Jesu, how justly mightest thou have reprov'd me with, *O thou of little Faith !* O it is but a little one ; the least Seed in the Garden : but, O Lord, I beseech thee increase it ; and pray unto thy Father, that my Faith fail not ! So shall my Heart be purified, I become justified, and have access to thee by Faith : and hereafter live with thee and thy faithful ones in the inheritance of the Just.

Meditation XVIII.

Hopes Address to the Sick Penitent.

A Froward Patient requires a rough hand, and a resolute Heart. I am not ignorant of your Disease ; and your Malady relies much upon my Cure ; therefore be not doubtful of your Recovery, if you do but ingenuously discover to me your infirmity.

II.

I am not altogether unacquainted with my Sister *Faiths* late visit to you : whose found Cordial Comforts would have wrought such powerful Effects in you, as you might have had less occasion for any other Reccipts, had you discreetly applied what was so seasonably, and Sovereignly ministred.

III.

But before I begin with you ; let me so far prevail on your Temper, that you would remove from your too much dejected and depressed Spirit, all those unbeseeming Thoughts which perplex your quiet : and be not so great an Enemy to your self, as to reject that, which may rectifie your State : and of a Faint-hearted Souldier, become a Couragious Warrior.

IV.

To prepare you the better for this spiritual Encounter : my first Essay must be, to remove those scales from your Eyes, which by long continuance are grown so thick, that they cast a Mist before your knowledge. For though I have been long a Stranger to you ; yet let us now renew our Acquaintance ; the which, you will not

repent of : for I never yet lodg'd in that Soul, which esteem'd me not a welcome Guest.

V.

Many before this time had untimely perished, had they not by me been seasonably supported ; by Land and Water, have I offered my self a Friendly Companion : and have firmly stuck to them who relyed on me, in time of greatest danger or opposition. And when no Token of Deliverance appear'd : No hope of Liberty approach'd : I with this *Anchor* brought them to the Haven safely : Planting them so securely, as no Peril could interpose their Security.

VI.

And now tell me, is my Strength so weakened, as I cannot perform what I have formerly so happily effected : indeed I must inform your slender Judgment, that I am unalterably the same, and do find the same Spirit in those, to whom I apply my Cure ; the Accomplishment of which is always my principal Care.

VII.

Take then for an *Helmet*, *The Hope of Salvation*, 1 Thes. 5. 8. *Look for the blessed*

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blessed Hope, Tit. 2. 13. Let thy Flesh rest in Hope, Psal. 16. 9. Be ye of good Courage, all ye that hope, Psal. 31. 24. For I must tell you, Hope deferred maketh the Heart sick : but the righteous hath hope in his Death, Prov. 13. 12, 14.

VIII.

For so well and surely is her Foundation grounded, as Hope maketh not ashamed, Rom. 5. 5. Rejoyce then in Hope : be patient in Tribulation, Rom. 12. 12. So shall the God of Hope, fill you with all Joy. To which fulness I recommend you ; where you may cheerfully say with Holy Job, that perfect Pattern of Patience : *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. And though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body ; yet in my Flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for my self, and mine eyes shall behold, and not anothers, Job 19. 25, 26, 27.*

The Prayer.

O My Merciful Lord God, who bindest up the Wounds of every Contrite and truly penitent Sinner : Suffering him not to be tempted more than he can bear : but out of the abundance

dance of thy Compassion, givest him an issue out of his Temptation: make me ever with a Religious fear, so to put my trust in thy Mercy, as I may never be swallowed up of my Misery.

II.

And seeing we are saved by Hope: Give unto me such a saving Hope; as neither too much Confidence may make me presume: nor the too perplexing Consideration of my many Sins bring me to a Despair of Pardon.

III.

Be near me, Dear Lord, in the hour of my Visitation: let the Enemy have no Power over me: but so shadow me under the Wings of thy Mercy; that the remembrance of thy Judgments may rouse me sleeping; and the Memory of thy Mercies raise me waking; to render Praise unto thee, as my Hope is in thee, my help from thee, O Lord everlasting. To whom with thee, and the Holy Ghost, three Persons, and one God, Lives and Reigns together, World without end. *Amen.*

Meditation XIX.

The Exercise of Charity.

CHARITY is cold, and such Companions are not easily entertained : nor such Guests kindly received ; where the one bids us give that we may receive : the other Commands us to bestow all that we have : and when all is distributed, to expect our reward in Heaven. But this sowing of Bread upon the Waters, is of too hard a Digestion to be reaped by a foolish Worldling : and yet it must be so sown, or your Harvest is lost for ever.

II.

You are here planted in a vale of Misery, and the true Exercise of Charity will cover all your Scarlet sins with the white Robe of Mercy. And to confer on your peaceful Progress the higher Honour ; if you will resolve to leave the World, and receive her, who is despised of it, she will conduct you safely to the Kingdom of Glory.

III.

St. Paul informs you, 1 Cor. 13. 13. says he, *Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity,*

Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity. Hast thou an earnest Desire to be instructed in what most concerns you; to be edified in what most imports you? It is not knowledge but Charity that must work this good effect in you. For *Knowledge puffs up, but Charity edifieth,* 1 Cor. 8. 1.

IV.

Would you be perswasive in Oratory; or powerful in Prophecy; or an useful Almoner for your Souls safety? You must necessarily be accompanied by Charity; or you are but *as sounding Brass, or a tinkling Cymbal,* 1 Cor. 13. 1. your Power to remove Mountains, shall not remove in you the least Mole-Hill of your sin. Your bestowing all your Goods to feed the Poor, shall not make your Soul Rich, if Charity be wanting.

V.

Seeing then the Tongues of Men and Angels are but Tinklings and very Sounds without Charity; Knowledge becomes fruitless without the edifying Help of it; Prophecies, be they never so Mysterious; Sciences, be they in their own Nature never so commodious, are altogether unprofitable without

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without Charity : *Let all your things,* says the Apostle, *be done with Charity,* 1 Cor. 16. 14. *Follow after Charity,* 1 Cor. 14. 1. *Above all things put on Charity,* Col. 3. 14. and St. Peter advises us, *Above all things have fervent Charity : for Charity shall cover a multitude of sins,* 1 Pet. 4. 8. and again, *add to Godliness, Brotherly kindness ; and to Brotherly kindness Charity,* 2 Pet. 1. 7.

VI.

And now, seeing I have here given you a full draught of Charity : by a due Examination of your self, you will easily find whether she be in your Heart or no : for by these Divine Effects you shall find her to be yours. *For Charity suffereth long, and is kind, envies not, vaunteth not it self, is not puffed up,* 1 Cor. 13. 4. You shall likewise know, even by your outward Behaviour, whether or no you have received Charity, or given her Harbour : *For Charity doth not behave her self unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,* 1 Cor. 13. 5.

VII.

You shall perceive likewise by the very joy of your Heart, whether Charity have taken up there her Residence.

For

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For she *rejoyceth not in iniquity, but rejoyceth in the truth*, 1 Cor. 13. 6. Lastly, you shall gather by your Constancy, whether or no you hold Correspondency with perfect Charity: for *Charity never faileth*, 1 Cor. 13. 8.

VIII.

Well may I then conclude, with that Glorious light of the Eastern Church, *St. Augustine*, whose Sense is, where Charity is absent, no good thing can be present; and where Charity is present, no good thing can be absent. Again, there is not any thing, be it never so little, being done in Charity, but is esteemed for great: and there is nothing, be it never so great, but being done without Charity, is accounted little.

IX.

To close then all in one, seeing Charity is one in all: we see how all Answer *Amen*, all sing *Alleluja*, all are baptized, all obey the Commands of their Mother the Church: yet are not the Children of God discern'd from those of Satan, but by Charity. If then you desire to live, learn to love: so shall you be conducted to that City, where there Reigneth perfect Charity.

The

The Prayer.

DEAR Father, thou who art perfect Charity ; purifie my Heart throughout, that I may prepare a Room therein fitting to entertain thee. Though Charity grow Cold in the World, let my Desires become so weaned from this present lower Earth, that my Charity may witness for me, that I am preparing for those upper Regions of Eternity.

II.

Give me a liberal Heart, that freely Communicating to the necessity of thy Saints, and constantly relying on thy Promises, through a firm Faith and Hope reposed in thee, I may at last come unto thee ; and of a poor Sinner become an happy Saint in thy Kingdom ; There to sing *Alleluia* amongst those glorious Saints and Angels for ever.

Medita-

Meditation XX.

The Souls flight to Heaven.

SO ineffably sweet were these Comforts which I tasted ; and so plentifully flowing were those Fountains, from whence they were derived ; that from thence I gathered, that if there were such Comforts in the days of Mourning, what would there be in the day of Rejoycing? If such spiritual Delights presented themselves in a Prison ; what incomparable Pleasures might be expected in a Pallace? if such joys in the days of our Captivity, what may be looked for in that day of Jubilee.

II.

In the Consideration whereof ; never did chafed Hart long more thirstily after the *Water-Brooks*, than my poor wearied Soul did after her Heavenly *Bethesda*. O how shrilly, methought, did the Crys of the *Saints* under the Altar sound in my Ear? *How long ! Lord ! how long ! shall I sojourn in this Pilgrimage of Cares ; this Valley of Tears ; and become a Stranger to that inheritance*

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tance of lasting Joys; the only sight whereof would make me happy, and from this Wilderness of sin bring me to the *Sinab* of Glory!

III.

Unhappy Soul, that I have dwelt with the Inhabitants of *Kedar*, that my Habitation is prolonged! For if Holy *David*, a Man according to God's own Heart, sometimes said, how much more may I miserable one say, *My Soul hath been too long an Inhabitant?* Long, and too long, have I sung by these waters of *Babylon*. So that now I will say, *It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy Statutes*, Psal. 119. 71.

IV.

O Lord hadst thou never afflicted me; I had never sought to know thee: *And now my Soul melteth for heaviness*, Psal. 119. 28. not for that thou hast afflicted me, but that my Soul has been so long divided from thee. I have longed too much after the *Onions* and *Garlick*, and *Flesh-pots* of *Egypt*: but now with gushing Eyes do I return unto thee, and hope in thy good Pleasure thou wilt receive me.

V. I

V.

I have solemnly engag'd my self never to take any more delight in worldly Vanities, I have suffered too much to be now taken, or delighted with them. And now after my loathing of these Puddles of Vanity, I have longed after those ever running Streams of Eternity.

VI.

How hath my Soul thirsted after thee ; how greatly hath my Flesh longed for thee ? my Soul hath thirsted after thee, the living Fountain ; O when shall I come, and appear before thee ? When wilt thou come, O my Comforter ? and when shall I receive thee, who art my Hearts desire ! O then shall my Soul be satisfied, when thy Glory shall appear, after which I have so long hungred for.

VII.

Then shall I be filled with the fullness of thine House, after which I have sigh'd ! then wilt thou refresh me with the Brook of thy Pleasure, after which I have thirsted ! in the mean time, let my Tears become my Bread Day and Night ; until such time, as my Soul hears those Comfortable words from thee,

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thee, Son be of good Cheer, I am the
God of thy Salvation.

The Prayer.

O Thou great and Heavenly Shepherd, who didst lay down thy precious Life, for us thy poor Sheep, who were gone astray; feed me with my Sighs, refresh me with my Sorrows! my Redeemer will doubtlesly come, for he is good: Neither will he delay his Coming, *For he is Gracious, and his Mercy endureth for ever.*

II.

O hasten thy Coming for thine Elects sake! That at my return to the Land of innocence and Pleasure, I may eat of the desired Sacrifice of the Supper of the *Lamb, that was slain from the beginning*, for the Sins of every sorrowful and returning Sinner. O grant me Sorrow here, and joy hereafter, through Jesus Christ, who is my hope, the Resurrection of the dead, the Justifier of a Sinner, and the Glory of all faithful Souls. *Amen.*

Medita-

2. *A Funeral Gift, Or:*

Meditation XXI.

*Upon the Misery of humane Life, and
Blessedness of eternal Life.*

I Am a Sojourner and a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were, I am tired
with Travel, and long to be at my
Journeys end; I am an Inhabitant but
with great Expences, and greater Danger,
this seeming Pleasure hath produced me
much true Sorrow, bitter Sighs, and aking
Hearts, uneasiness of Body, distraction
of mind; I have importuned for help
in this lower World, but can find none,
no Creature on Earth to relieve me, or
support me.

II.

I have seen Delights to be Folly, and
Laughter Distraction, Men of low
Estate to be Vanity, and of high de-
gree fallacious; their Understanding,
their Labours, and help all vain; for
who can ransom the Soul of his Bro-
ther, or make an Atonement to God
for him? sure Man must let that alone
for ever.

III.

My walking Substance is a mere sha-
dow,

dow, and my repose unquietness; I endeavour for Holiness, but cannot attain it; I seek for Happiness, but cannot find it; Satan beguiles me of it, the World attracts me from it, and my own Soul stands in opposition to my Contentment. My Understanding defrauds me, my Affections contrive against me, and my Memory declines me; those things which I would do, I cannot perform: and I daily commit those things, which my Conscience checks me to the contrary. So that all that I am, or can expect to be in this Life is nothing but Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit.

IV.

And what can my Thoughts raise from this? Or where shall I be comforted? it is thy Mercy, O Lord, is the only expedient, that can relieve me: thou, O Blessed Jesus, art unto me Life eternal, and by thy Sufferings, Death is to me an advantage; while my Body sleeps, it shall rest secure, and that Rest shall be perfectly Blessed; I shall rest from Labour, Sorrow and Sin; my sleep shall be safe, and my beatifical Vision happy; while my Body sleeps in the Dust, my Soul shall
awake

awake to Righteousness; when my Soul is dismantled of Flesh, and Flesh of fading Beauty, my Spirit shall be adorned with the Robes of thy Glory.

V.

While my Dust is driven with the wind upon the Surface of the Earth, my Spirit shall fly to the highest Heavens; then shall my Eyes be opened, to behold my Soul with Purity and Perfection; no dark Veil of Nature shall obscure me, defect of Senses hinder me, or foggy Clouds of sin hover over me; my Understanding shall be transparent, my Affections pure, and my Memory perfect. I shall there be fully satisfied in beholding the Spirits of just Men made perfect, ravished in enjoying the Presence of Angels, and Blessed in retaining the Divine Goodness.

VI.

There can be nothing wanting, where there is such Perfection; where humane Happiness is eternally united to the Blessed Trinity, where I am Christ's, and Christ is God's, and the Holy Comforter abides with us for ever. O most splendid Condition of my sinful Body, and blessed Change of my immortal Soul, the one is sown in Corruption

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Corruption, that it may rise immortal ; the other layeth down Corruption, to inherit Glory.

VII.

But wretched Sinner, even in this Happiness I am still miserable, I found out my quiet, but neglect to enjoy it ; Death reaches to me a Crown, but I refuse to accept it ; I am so prone to affect my own unhappiness, to delight in Labour, and complain of Rest ; why do I dwell among these Objects of Vanity ? the World loves me not, nor I it : and why do I thus doat upon my Enemy ? with its frowns, it afflicts me, with its Smiles, it betrays me ; and there is nothing in it but Vanity and Misery.

VIII.

Go then out cheerfully, O my Soul, from this dark Prison of thy Body, to that bright Celestial Palace ; there God is thy Father, and Heaven thy Country ; thou art here Forlorn , Poor, Wretched and Naked, dispossessed of Graces, and robbed of Goodness, thou hast there large Treasure, and of great Price, a Heavenly Mansion, and a goodly Heritage ; Christ hath long ago purchased it, and is now gone before to prepare it.

IX.

IX.

Here in this Life, thou longest much to behold what thou never sawest ; but in the other, are great and glorious things prepared for thee, such as no mortal Eye hath seen, Ear heard, neither can it enter into the Heart of Man to conceive ; how earnestly then shouldst thou long to behold them ? and much more earnestly to enjoy them ? how willingly should this make thee say with Holy David, *My Soul is a thirst for God, yea, even for the living God, when shall I come, and appear before the Presence of God ?*

X.

Alas, Thou art here my Soul, but groping in the dark, daily committing Errours and Mistakes, every minute stumbling and falling into Sin, Shame and Sorrow ; in great Dangers of the Miseries of humane Life, but in greater Danger of eternal Torments.

XI.

All that thou canst pretend to know here, is to Confess thy self ignorant: Thou only knowest things here by their Events, but there thou shalt know them, in their primitive Causes ; thou art here tired out in gaining this imperfect,

fect, feeble, and empty Knowledge, there thou shalt be delighted in knowing all that is desirable, by knowing him, in whom are laid up all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge; these transitory drops of Joys are full of Bitterness; but those Rivers of eternal Pleasures, flow from the Fountain of eternal Sweetness. Thou hast here the Poms and Vanities of the wicked World to delight thee; but thou hast there a far greater, and more exceeding weight of Glory to surround thee: thou art here inclosed by the Misery of Life; but thou art there enlarged, by the Blessedness of Death.

XII.

Blessed Lord, all this by Grace I know and stedfastly believe, and yet carnally I am still blind and ignorant, unable to discuss, and unwilling to desire those things which belong unto my Peace: but when thou with thy precious Eye-Salve, shalt once anoint my Eyes, and open them, to behold the Beauty of thy Heavenly Temple, I shall then ardently affect it, and unfeignedly long for it; I shall then most readily forsake these brittle Walls of frail Mortality, to dwell with thee in

E

perfect

perfect Holiness and endless Happiness, that Frailty may be swallowed up by Immortality, and Immortality rewarded by Eternity.

The Prayer.

ALmighty God, which wert, and art to come, who hast sweetned, and taken away the Sting of Death, by thy perfect obedience; and hast perfumed the Grave, by the Fragrancy of thy blessed sufferings, suffer me not in my last hour, for any Pains of Death, or Terroures of Hell, to fall from thee: let me seriously consider, that this Life is miserable, and that a happy Death, is truly Blessed; acquaint me every day with the remembrance of it, and bless me every hour, with an earnest Desire to it; that I may with willingness cast off all Sin and Misery, and joyfully put on the Robe of Immortality.

II.

Prepare me, O Lord, for that Blessed hour, and in my greatest Agonies and Extremities, when all the Comforts of this mortal Life shall fail, then Lord Jesus forsake me not, neither be
thou

thou far from me. Moreover, give me then that inward Joy, and blessed Comfort of thy Holy Spirit, that may uphold and comfort me in all the Terrors and Amazements of this dark and obscure Passage, in all the dreadful Temptations of the Devil, and my own accusing Conscience. Let thy Spirit witness to my Soul, that I am thy Chosen; purifie me, and take away my Dross, powerfully Protect me by thy saving Grace, so shall I assuredly be made a Partaker of thy Heavenly Kingdom.

Meditation XXII.

In time of Sicknes.

Hear my Prayer O Lord, which I make unto thee, upon my Bed of Sicknes: incline thine Ears unto me; in this time of my trouble, O hear me, and that right soon.

Behold thou hast made my days as it were a Span long, and my Age though it be great in respect of others, yet it is nothing in respect of thee: for verily

every Man living is altogether Vanity.

II.

My days are consumed away like Smoke, and my Bones are burnt up, as it were a Fire-brand.

There is no Health in my Flesh because of thy displeasure, neither is there any Rest in my Bones, by reason of my Sin.

My wickednesses are gone over my Head, and are a fore burden too heavy for me to bear.

But I will confess my wickedness, and be sorry for my Sin.

III.

○ Lord be merciful unto me, heal my Soul for I have sinned against thee.

Call to remembrance, O Lord, thy tender mercy, and thy loving kindness which hath been ever of Old.

○ remember not the Sins of my Youth, nor the Offences of riper years, but according to thy mercy think thou upon me.

IV.

Cast me not away in the time of Age, forsake me not now that my strength faileth me.

Go

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Go not far from me, O God, my
God haste thee to help me.

Thou O God hast taught me from
my youth up until now : Forsake me
not therefore in my old Age, when I
am Gray-headed.

V.

The days of our Age are Threescore
years and ten ; and though some be so
strong that they come to Fourscore
(which is a mercy wherewith thou hast
Crowned me thy unworthy Servant)
yet is their strength then but Labour
and Sorrow, so soon passeth it away
and we are gone.

But, Lord, suffer me not to go hence
in thy Displeasure ; O suffer not my
Sun to go down in thy wrath, nor my
days to be shut up in the darkness of
thine Anger.

VI.

But as thou art pleased to bring me
to my Grave in a full Age, like as a
shock of Corn cometh in his Season ;
so let me be gathered at last like Wheat
into thy Heavenly Granary.

And let mine Age be renewed as
the Eagles in thy Kingdom of Glory.

Glo: y be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now
and ever shall be, World without end.
Amen.

VII.

Thou in whose hands are the Keys
of the Grave, and the issues of Life and
Death.

Thou in whose Power alone it is to
kill, and to make alive, and to bring
down to the Grave, and to raise up
again.

Thou who hadst Compassion upon
Peter's Wives Mother, by recovering
her out of a Fever.

Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make
me whole.

VIII.

Thou who didst shew thy mercy to
those Daughters of *Abraham*, the Wo-
man that for twelve years together was
diseased with an Issue of Blood, and
another, who by the space of eighteen
years was so bowed together, that she
could in no wise lift up her self, thou
didst loose both these, and many more
from their long infirmities.

Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make
me whole.

IX.

Thou who didst restore to Life the
young

young Maiden that was dead, Lord if thou wilt, thou canst restore me to my Health, who am an aged Sinner, and a sick feeble Creature.

Thou canst mitigate my Pains, and renew my Strength, and lengthen my days.

For thou makest our Beds in our Sickness, and art the Lord of Life and Health, and Strength ; even thou art the Almighty God and the Horn of my Salvation, O thou ancient of days.

X.

But, Lord, as for these outward Blessings, I wholly submit my self and them unto thy good Pleasure.

If it be thy Blessed Will to have the days of my Pilgrimage prolonged upon Earth, make me to live always to thy Glory, and to my own Souls Comfort : as thou dost add days to my years, so do thou likewise add Repentance to my days.

XI.

But if thou thinkest it more expedient for me, that I should die than live, then welcome my Death and Dissolution, without which, there is no entering into Life eternal, nor hopes of being with Christ : Welcome Jesus, who

by thy Death hast taken away the Sting of Death: Welcome that Cup, whereof thou my dear Saviour hast drank before me, and which, even to the very Dregs, thou hast drank off for me.

XII.

And therefore I will readily take this Cup of Death, which thou hast begun unto me, and Praise the Name of the Lord. I will Praise thy Name O sweet Saviour, who givest me this Cup of Death, the Cup of Salvation.

I will Praise thy Name, who hast born all our Sickneses, for us and all our infirmities.

XIII.

I will Praise thy Name, who art the Physician of Souls, and callest all such unto thee, as are weary and heavy Laden, that thou mayst refresh them.

Amongst which great number, behold me, O Lord, thy poor and aged, thy weak and sick Servant; weary in my Bones, and laden with my Sins.

But, Lord, I come unto thee, in obedience to thy Call; and of those that come near unto thee, thou castest none out. Lord, I come unto thee, for ease and refreshment.

XIV.

XIV.

O my beloved Saviour Jesus, in the midst of the weariness of my Body, in the midst of the load and burthen of my Sins, in the midst of the Sorrows which are in my Heart, O let thy Comforts and Consolations refresh my Soul.

XV.

And when the snares of Death compass me round about, let not the Pains of Hell take hold upon me. But by all the Merits of thy Nativity, Death, Resurrection and Ascension, I beseech thee to seal unto me, in thine own precious Blood, and by thy most Holy Spirit, the full-Pardon of all my Sins, and to admit me, who am thy own Purchase, to a Participation of thy Glory.

*A Prayer for a Happy End in time of
Sickness.*

O Most glorious Jesus, Lamb of God, Fountain of eternal mercy, Life of the Soul, and Conqueror over Sin and Death, I humbly beseech thee, of thy Goodness and Compassion, to give me Grace so to employ this transitory Life, in vertuous and pious Exercises,

ercises, that when the Day of my Death shall come, in the midst of all my Pains of Body, I may feel the sweet refreshings of thy Holy Spirit, Comforting my Soul, and relieving all my spiritual necessities.

II.

Lay no more upon me, than thou shalt enable me to bear, and let thy gentle Correction in this Life, prevent the insupportable Stripes in the World to come: give me Patience and Humility, and the Grace of Repentance, and an absolute renouncing of my self, and a Resignation to thy Pleasure and Providence, with a Power to perform thy Will in all things, and then do what thou pleasest to me; only in Health or Sickness, in Life or Death, let me feel thy Comforts refreshing my Soul, and let thy Grace pardon all my Sins.
Amen.

Prayer Meditation XXIII

Thanksgiving for Ease in Sickness, or Recovery out of it.

Blessed by thy Name, O Lord, for blessing the means which are applied unto me. It

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It is thy hand, and the help of thy mercy, that thou hast relieved me.

The Waters of affliction had long since drowned me, and the Stream of Death had gone over my Soul, if the Spirit of the Lord had not moved upon these Waters, and led me forth besides the waters of Comfort.

II.

O spread, most gracious God, according to thy mercy, thy hand upon me for a Covering; and also enlarge my Heart with Thanksgivings, and fill my Mouth with thy Praise.

Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me Praise his Holy Name, who hath saved thy Life from Destruction, and Crowned thee with mercy and loving kindness.

III.

Grant Lord, that what thou hast sown in Mercy, may spring up in Duty.

Let my Duty and Returns to thee be so great, as my necessities of thy Mercies are.

O Let thy Grace so strengthen my purposes of amendment, that I may sin no more, lest thy threatening return upon me in Anger, and thy
fore

fore Displeasure break me in pieces.

IV.

What am I, O Lord? what is the Life, and what are the Capacities of thy Servant, that thou shouldst do thus unto me?

Praised be the Lord daily, even the Lord that helpeth us, and poureth his Benefits upon us.

He is our God, even the God from whom cometh Salvation; God is the Lord by whom we escape Death.

V.

In the midst of the Sorrows which were in my Heart, thy Comforts O Lord, have refreshed my Soul.

It is thou, O Lord, who hast made my Flesh and my Bones to rejoyce.

Behold, happy is the Man whom God Correcteth; therefore despise not the chastising of the Almighty.

VI.

For he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.

In the midst of Judgment, he remembereth Mercy.

Lord thou hast lifted up the light of thy Countenance upon me.

Yea,

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Yea, Lord, thou hast put gladness into my Heart ; O be thou pleased graciously to add Thankfulness to it.

VII.

I will lay me down in Peace, and take my Rest, for it is thou Lord only which makest me dwell in safety.

O Lord, I give thee humble and hearty thanks, for thy great and almost miraculous bringing me back from the bottom of my Grave ; what thou hast further for me to do or suffer, thou alone knowest.

VIII.

Lord give me Patience and Courage, and all Christian resolution to do thee Service ; replenish me evermore with thy Grace, to submit to thy Holy Will ; and let me not live longer than to Honour thee, through Jesus Christ.

Lord I have been sick and feeble, and thou hast recovered my strength ; I am very aged and greatly stricken in years, yet thou art still pleased to add unto my days ; sanctifie therefore, good Lord, the remainder of my Life, and sweeten unto me the approaches of my Death.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving.

MOst Gracious God, whose mercy is as high as the Heavens, and whose truth reaches unto the Clouds; thy Mercies are as great and many as the moments of Eternity; thou hast opened wide thy hand of Providence to fill me with Blessings, and the sweet Effects of thy loving kindness; fill my Soul with great apprehensions, and impresses of thy unspeakable Mercies; that my Thankfulness may be as great, as my necessity of Mercies are.

II.

O Lord, thou hast heard my Prayers, and hast broken in sunder the Bonds of Sicknes, and hast delivered my Soul from trouble and heaviness; thou hast snatched me from the snares of Death, and saved me from the Pains of Hell. O let my Soul rest in thee, and be satisfied in the Pleasures of thy mercy; that when thou shalt call all the whole Universe to Judgment, from the rising of the Sun to the going down thereof, I may in thy Heavenly Kingdom sing Praises to thee, for evermore, *Amen.*

Meditation XXIV.

Comfortable refreshments at the hour of Death, to be used by those who are present.

GOD so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting Life, *John 3. 16.*

If any Man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the Propitiation for our Sins, and not for ours only, but for the Sins of the whole World, *1 John 2. 1, 2.*

II.

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my Word, and believeth in him that sent me, hath everlasting Life, and shall not come into Condemnation: but is passed from Death unto Life, *John 5. 24.*

All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out, *John 6. 37.*

III.

III.

Why art thou so full of heaviness,
O my Soul, and why art thou so dis-
quieted within me, put thy trust in
God, for I will yet give him thanks for
the help of his Countenance, *Psal.* 42. 6.

In my Fathers House are many
Mansions, *John* 14. 2.

What things were Gain to me, those
I counted loss for Christ, *Phil.* 3. 7.

IV.

For our Conversation is in Heaven,
from whence also we look for the Sa-
viour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Who shall Change our vile Body,
that it may be fashioned like unto his
glorious Body, according to the work-
ing whereby he is able even to subdue
all things unto himself, *Phil.* 3. 20, 21.

I press towards the Mark for the
price of the high calling of God in
Christ Jesus, *Phil.* 3. 14.

V.

Set your Affections on things above,
not on things of the Earth.

For ye are dead, and your Life is
hid with Christ.

When Christ, who is our Life shall
appear, then shall ye also appear with
him in Glory, *Colos.* 3. 2. 3.

In

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In whom we have Redemption through his Blood, even the forgiveness of our Sins, *Col. 1. 14.*

VI.

If in this Life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all Men most miserable, *1 Cor. 15. 19.*

For we know, that if our earthly House of this Tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our House, which is from Heaven, *2 Cor. 5. 1, 2.*

For our light Affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding eternal weight of Glory.

The things which are seen, are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal, *1 Cor. 4. 17, 18.*

VII.

I am in a great Strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is Gain, *Phil. 1. 21.*

Let this mind be in you, which was

was also in Christ Jesus, *Phil.* 2. 5.

None of us liveth to himself, and no Man dieth to himself.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord : and whether we die, we die unto the Lord : Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's, *Rem.* 14. 7, 8.

VIII.

I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write ; from henceforth Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord ; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their Labours, *Rev.* 14. 13.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord : He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me shall never die, *John* 11.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. And though after my Skin worms destroy this Body ; yet in my Flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for my self, and my Eyes shall behold, and not another, *Job* 19. 25, 26, 27.

IX.

We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain, we can carry nothing out

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out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; Blessed be the Name of the Lord, 1 *Tim.* 6. 7. *Job* 1. 21.

O Death, where is thy Sting ? O Grave, where is thy Victory ?

The Sting of Death is Sin, and the Strength of Sin is the Law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 *Cor.* 15. 55, 56, 57.

Lord, now let thy Servant depart in Peace according to thy word, and, receive his Soul into thy Fatherly Protection. *Amen.*

A Prayer for a sick Person, when there appear small hopes of Recovery.

O Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort, our only help in time of need ; we fly unto thee for Succour in behalf of this thy Servant, here lying under thy hand, in great weakness of Body. Look graciously upon him, O Lord ; and the more the outward Man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech thee, so much the more continually with thy Grace and Holy Spirit in the inner Man.

II.

Give him unfeigned Repentance for all the Errours of his Life past, and stedfast Faith in thy Son Jesus, that his Sins may be done away by thy mercy, and his Pardon sealed in Heaven, before he go hence, and be no more seen. We know, O Lord, that there is no word impossible with thee; and that if thou wilt, thou canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a longer continuance amongst us.

III.

Yet, forasmuch, as in all appearance the time of his Dissolution draweth near; so fit and prepare him, we beseech thee, against the hour of Death, that after his Departure hence in Peace, and in thy Favour, his Soul may be received, into thine everlasting Kingdom through the Merits and Mediation of Jesus Christ, thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

A Commendatory Prayer for a sick Person, at the Point of Departure.

O Almighty God, with whom do live the Spirits of just Men made perfect, after they are delivered from their

their earthly Prisons; we humbly commend the Soul of this thy Servant, our dear Brother, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour; most humbly beseeching thee, that it may be precious in thy sight.

II.

Wash it, we pray thee, in the Blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain, to take away the Sins of the World; that whatsoever Defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty World, through the Lusts of the Flesh, or the Wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure, and without spot before thee.

III.

And teach us, who survive, in this and other like daily Spectacles of Mortality, to see how frail, and uncertain our own Condition is, and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our Hearts to that Holy and Heavenly Wisdom whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to Life everlasting, through the Merits of Jesus Christ thine only Son our Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

Medita-

Meditation XXV.

Of the uncertainties of our Lives, and that we ought always to be prepared for Death.

HOW many ways are there, whereby to frustrate the intents and ends of Nature? How many are there buried before their Birth? how many Mens Cradles become their Graves? how many rising Suns are set, almost as soon as they are risen? and overtaken in darkness in the very dawning of their days? how many are there, like good King *Josias*, like righteous *Abel*, and *Enoch*, who are taken away speedily from amongst the wicked, as it were in the Zenith or Vertical Point of their Strength and Lustre?

II.

It is in every Man's Power to be Master of our Lives, who is but able to despise his own; nay, 'tis in every ones Power who can but wink, to turn our Beauty into darkness; and in times of Pestilence, how many are there can look as dead, by an Arrow shot out of the Eye into the Heart? For one single way of coming into the World, how

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how many are there to go out of it before our time? (I mean before Nature is wasted within us.) Many are sent out of the World, by the Difficulties and Hardships of coming in.

III.

We are easily cut off, by eating and drinking, the very Instruments and Means of Life. Not to speak of those greater Slaughters, which are commonly committed by Sword and Famine, (which yet must both give place to surfeit,) Death may possibly fly to us, as once to *Æschylus*, in an Eagles Wing, or we may easily swallow Death, as *Anacreon* did in a Grape.

IV.

We may be murder'd, like *Homer*, with a fit of Grief: or fall, like *Pindarus*, by our Repose: we may become a Sacrifice, as *Philemon* of old, to a little fest. Or else as *Sophocles*, to a witty Sentence. We may be eaten up of Worms, like mighty *Herod*, or prove a Feast for the Rats, like him of *Mentz*.

V.

A Man may vomit out his Soul, as *Sulla* did in a fit of Rage; or else like *Coma*, may force it backwards. He may perish by his Strength, as did *Polydamas*

damas and *Milo*. Or he may die, like *Thalna*, by the very excess of his *Injoyment*. He may be *Provender* for his *Horses*, like *Diomedes*: or *Provision* for his *Hounds*, like *Actæon* and *Lucian*. Or else like *Tullus Hostilius*, he may be burnt up quick with a flash of *Lightning*.

VI.

Or if there were nothing from without, which could violently break off our thread of *Life*, (and which being a slender thread is very easily cut asunder) we have a thousand intestine *Enemies* to dispatch us speedily from within, there is hardly any thing in the *Body*, but furnisheth matter for a *Disease*.

VII.

There is not an *Artery* or *Vein*, but is a Room in *Natures Work-house*, wherein our *Humours* as so many *Cyclops's* are forging those *Instruments of Mortality*, which every moment of our *Lives* are able to sweep us into our *Graves*: an ordinary *Apoplexie*, or a little *Impostune* in the *Brain*, or a sudden *Rising* of the *Lights*, is enough to make a *Man Die in Health*; and may Lodge him in *Heaven* or *Hell*, before he hath the *Leisure* to cry for *Mercy*.

The

The Prayer.

THou didst make us for thy self, O Lord, and when we by our Sins and Follies had for ever lost thee, thou didst restore us to thy self again, that we might not be eternally deprived of thee our only good : O fill us with perpetual Meditations of thy Love : Let those Joys which are so much above our thoughts be ever in them ; let our inability to comprehend the Happiness of thy Kingdom, heighten the Piety of our Ambition after it more, that we may walk in some measure worthy of so Divine a Purchase.

II.

Prepare us with all those Heavenly Graces that may entitle us to it, and with all those spiritual Desires that may make us breath and long after it ; that so our Hearts being there before, we our selves may come after, and being transported in our Desires, may be also in our Persons, to everlasting Enjoyments ; and as our Lives are uncertain in this World, grant that we may be ready prepared, that Death comes not upon us unawares. *Amen.*

Meditation XXVI.

On the Frailties of our Lives.

OUR Houses of Clay, as *Eliphaz the Temanite*, fitly calls them, *Job 4. 19.* seem as false and frail, as the *Apples of Sodom*; which being specious to the Eye, did fall to Crumbles by every Touch. The Frame of our Building is not only so frail, but (as some have thought.) so ridiculous, that if we Contemplate the Body of Man in his Condition of Mortality, and by reflecting upon the Soul, do thereby prove it to be Immortal, we shall be tempted to stand amazed at the inequality of the Match: but to wonder at our Frailty, were but to wonder that we are Men.

II.

Yet sure if We, that is our Souls, (for our Bodies are so far from being Us, that we can hardly call them Ours,) are not capable of Corruption, our Bodies were not intended for our Husbands, but for our Houses, whose Doors will either be open, that we may go forth, or whose building will be Ruinous, that

that needs we *must*; we cannot, by any means possible, make it the place; for though our Bodies, as saith our Saviour, are not so *Glorious as the Lilies*; yet, saith *Joh*, they are as *frail*.

III.

And by that time, with *David*, they wax *old as doth a Garment*, how earnestly, with *St. Paul*, shall we groan to be cloathed upon! 2 Cor. 5. 2. to be cloath'd with New Apparel, whilst the Old is as 'twere turning? For when Christ shall come in the Clouds with his Holy Angels, at once to restore, and reform our Nature, *He shall change our vile Bodies, that they may be changed like unto his Glorious Body.*

IV.

But here I speak of what it is, not what it shall be; though it shall be *Glorious*, yet now it is *Vile*; though it shall be *Immortal*, yet now 'tis *fading*; though it shall be a *long Life*, 'tis now a *short one*; it is indeed so short, and withal so uncertain, that we bring our years to an end, like a Tale that is told, Psal. 90. 9.

V.

Death comes so *hastily upon us*, that we never can see it, till we are *Blind*. We cannot but know, that it is *short*,

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for we *fade away suddenly like the Grass*; and yet we know not *how short* it is, for we pray that God will *teach us to number our days*, Psal. 90. 12.

VI.

This we know without teaching; that even *then when we were born*, we began to draw towards our end, Wis. 5. 13. whether sleeping, or waking, we are always flying upon the Wings of Time; even this very moment, doth set us well on towards our Journeys end; whether we are Worldly, and therefore study to keep Life; or Male-contented, and therefore weary of its Possession; the King of Terroures, will not fail, either to meet, or overtake us.

VII.

And whilst we are *Travelling* to the very same Countrey, (I mean the *Land of Forgetfulness*, without considering it, as an *Anti-Chamber* to *Heaven* or *Hell*;) although we *walk thither in several Roads*; 'tis plain that he who lives *longest*, goes but the *farthest* way about, and that he who dies *soonest*, goes the *nearest* way home.

VIII.

I remember it was a Humour, I know not whether of a *Cruel*, or *Capricious*

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precious Emperour, to put a *Tax* upon *Child-births*; to make it a thing exciseable, for a Man to be born of a Woman. As if he had farm'd God's Custom-house, he made every Man *Fine*, for being a Man; a great instance of his Cruelty, and as good an Emblem of our Frailty; our State of Pilgrimage upon Earth.

IX.

For we arrive at this World, as at a *Foreign* and *strange* Countrey; where I am sure it is *Proper*, although not *Just*, that we pay *Toll* for our very Landing, and then being Landed, we are such transitory Inhabitants, that we do not so properly dwell here as sojourn.

X.

All the Meat we take in is at God's Ordinary; and even the Breath which we drink, is not ours, but his, (*which when he taketh away, we die, and are turn'd again into our Dust.*) insomuch that to expire, is no more in Effect, then to be honest: to pay back a Life, which we did but borrow.

The Prayer.

THOU hast brought us from nothing,
O Lord, that we might see thy
Salvation; that we who might have
been for ever without thee, might
through the knowledge of thy self be
made Partakers of thy Glory.

II.

O enliven us, that we may give up
our selves wholly to thy Service, and
perpetually study to do something to
the Honour of thy Name, that we
may not throw away those Souls on
the Vanities of the World, which thou
hast given us for thy self, and to be
employed in thy Service: But that,
sacrificing our Wills to thine, and our
Lives to a perfect Love of thee, we
may find that joy which accompanies
thy Grace here, and that Glory which
knows no end or change hereafter in
thy Presence for evermore. *Amen.*

Meditation XXVII.

*That Death frees us from the Vexations,
Troubles and Cares of this mortal Life.*

A *Short Life* and a *Merry*, is that which many Men applaud, but as the Son of a Woman, hath but a few days to live, so even those few days are full of trouble. And indeed so they are, in whatsoever Condition a Man is plac'd: for if he is *Poor*, he hath the trouble of *Pains*, to get the Goods of this World.

II.

If he is *Rich*, he hath the trouble of *Care*, to keep his *Riches*; the trouble of *Avarice*, to encrease them; the trouble of *Fear* to lose them; the trouble of *Sorrow* when they are lost. And so his *Riches* can only make him the more illustriously *Happy*.

III.

If he lives as he ought, he hath the trouble of *Self-denials*; the trouble of *mortifying the Flesh*, with the *Affections and Lusts*, Col. 3. 5. the trouble of being in *Deaths* often, 2 Cor. 11. 23. the trouble of *Crucifying* himself, Rom. 6. 6. and of *dying daily*, 1 Cor. 15. 31.

IV.

If to avoid those Troubles, he *lives in Pleasure*, as he ought not, he hath the trouble of being told, that he is *Dead* whilst he lives, 1 *Tim.* 5. 6. the trouble to *think* that he must die; *Eccles.* 41. 1. the trouble to *Fear*, (whilst he is dying) that he must *Live* when he is *Dead*, that he may die eternally.

V.

Not to speak of those Troubles which a Man suffers in his Non-age, by being *weaned from the Breast*, and by *breeding Teeth*; in his Boy-age and Youth, by the bearing the yoke of Subjection, and the rigid Discipline of the Rod; in his Manhood and riper years, by making Provision for all his Family, as *Servant General* to the whole.

VI.

Not to speak of those Troubles, which flow in upon him from every quarter, whether by *Losses*, or *Affronts*, *Contempts* or *Envy*, by the *Anguish* of some *Maladies*, and by the *Loathsomeness* of others; rather than want matter of trouble, he will be most of all troubled, that he hath *nothing to vex him*.

VII.

In his sober Intervals and Fits, when
he

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he considers that he must die, and begins to *cast up the Account of his Sins*, it will be *some* trouble to him, that he is *without Chastisement*, whereby he knows he is a *Bastard* and not a *Son*, Heb. 12.8.

VIII.

It will *disquiet* him not a little, that he *lives at rest in his Possessions*; and become his great *Cross*, that he hath *Prosperity in all things*. Not only the *Sting* and the *Stroak*, but the very *remembrance of Death* will be *bitter to him*; So saith Jesus the Son of *Sirach*, *Wisd. 41. Verse 1.*

The Prayer.

AND yet how hardly can we endure even the smallest trouble for thy sake, O Lord? So insensible are we of thy Goodness, so forgetful of thy Power, that we do not only in our wants condemn and accuse thy Providence, but are ready even to turn Infidels in our misfortunes.

II.

Make us therefore O Lord, to see the Vanity both of the World and our own Hearts, the Pleasures of it may neither drown, nor the Crosses of it

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deject our Hope, or discourage our obedience. Let that Glory which thou hast promised to those that conquer the World for thy sake, be ever in our Eye; that so, in what Condition soever we are in, we may still be found Crown'd and Triumphant in Faith; above all the Troubles and Vexations of this World.

Meditation XXVIII.

That many have desired Death, rather than Life.

MAN that is born of a Woman, is so full of trouble to the Brim, that many times it overflows him. On one side or other, we all are troubled, but some are troubled on every side, 2 Cor. 4. 8. insomuch that they themselves, are the greatest trouble unto themselves; and 'tis a kind of Death to them, they cannot die.

II.

We find King David so Sick of Life, as to fall into a wishing for the Wings of a Dove, that so his Soul, might fly away

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away from the great impediments of his *Body*. He Confessed, that his *days* were at the *longest* but a *Span*, Psal. 39. 5. and yet complained they were no *shorter*.

III.

It seems that *Span* was as the *Span* of a *withered hand*; which the farther he *stretched out*, the more it *grieved* him. He was *weary* of his *groaning*, Psal. 6. 6. his *Soul* did *pant* after *Heaven*, Psal. 42. 1. and even *thirsted* after *God*, Verse 2. and he might once more have *cryed* (tho' in another *Sense*) *Wo is me, that I am constrain'd to dwell with Mesech, and to have my Habitation among the Tents of Kedar!*

IV.

I Remember that *Charedemus* compar'd *Man's Life* to a *Feast*, or *Banquet*. And I the rather took notice of it, because the Prophet *Elijah* did seem (in some *Sense*) to have made it good. Who after a *first* or *second Course* (as I may say) of *living*, as if he had *surfeited* of *Life*; *Cryed out* in *haste*, *it is enough*; and with the very same *Breath*, desired *God* to *take away*; for so saith the *Scripture*, 1 *King*. 19. 14.

V.

V.

He went into the Wilderness (a solitary place, and there he sate under a Juniper Tree, (in a Melancholly posture) and requested of God, that he might die (in a very disconsolate and doleful manner) even pouring forth his Soul in these melting Accents, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my Life, for I am no better than my Fathers.*

VI.

And if *Elijah's* days were full of Trouble, how were *Job's* overwhelm'd, and running over with his Calamities? when the Terrours of God did set themselves in array against him, *Job* 6. 4. how did he long for Destruction; Verse 8, 9. O (saith he) that I might have my request, that God would grant me the thing that I long for! Even that it would please him to destroy me, that he would let loose his hand, and cut me off.

VII.

How did he Curse the day, the day of his Birth, and the Night wherein he was Conceived? *Job* 3. 1, 3, 4, 5. &c. Let that Day be darkness, let the shadow of Death stain it, let a Cloud dwell upon it, let Blackness terrifie it. And for the Night let it not be joyned to the days of the year.

Let

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Let the Stars of the Twilight thereof be darkned; neither let it see the dawning of the Day.

VIII.

And what was his reason for this unkindness to that particular Day and Night, save that they brought upon him the *Trouble* of being a *Man born of a Woman*: For we find him complaining a little after, *Why died I not from the Womb! why did I not give up the Ghost, when I came out of the Belly?* Job 3. 11, 12.

IX.

And then for the Life of our Blessed Saviour, who is called by way of Eminence, *the Son of Man*; and as his Life was short, so it was full of *Trouble*. He was called, *vir Dolorum*, a *Man of Sorrows*, and was acquainted with grief, *Isa. 53. 3.* for the whole Tenour of his Life was a Continuation of his Calamities.

The Prayer.

O Lord, though perhaps I am not so bad as some; yet I am so bad in my self, that the *Leper* in the Gospel is a Beauty to my Soul, *Lazarus's Corps*
a

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a Comeliness to my Sores; yet were I more impotent than the Cripple of *Bethesda*, more Leprous than the nine, whose Ingratitude was more loathsome than their Disease; were those Legions, ejected by thy word, received in me, were I as bad as Satan could wish to make me: yet I know thy Goodness, and I do not doubt thy Power, but thou canst cleanse me and ease me of all my Troubles, Vexations and Infirmities; and bring me at last to thy Heavenly Kingdom. *Amen.*

• Meditation XXIX.

Of improving our Time.

IF Man's time be but short, it concerns us to take up the Prayer of *David*, *Psal.* 39. 4. that God would Teach us to know our End, and the number of our days, that we, like *Hezekiah*, 2 *Kings* 20. 6. may be fully certified how short our time is. It concerns us to take up the Resolution of *Job*, 14. 2. all the days of our appointed time, incessantly to wait till our Change cometh.

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II.

It concerns us, not to say with the rich Man in the Parable, Luke 12. 18. *We will pull down our Barns and build greater, and there we will bestow all our Fruits and our Goods.* Much less may we say with that other Worldling, Verſe 19. *Souls take your ease, eat, drink and be merry, for ye have much Goods laid up for many years:* For alas! how can we know, silly Creatures as we are, but that *this very Night*, yea *this very minute*, either they may be taken from us, or we from them? there is such a *Fadingness on their Parts*, and such a *Fickleness on ours.*

III.

But rather it concerns us to say with *Job*, Chap. 1. 21. *Naked came we into the World, and naked shall we go out of it.* Or rather yet, it concerns us to say with *David*, Psal. 39. 12. *That we are Strangers upon Earth*, and but so many *Sojourners*, as all our *Fathers* were; for whilst we consider we are but *Strangers*, we shall, as *Strangers and Pilgrims*, abstain from *fleshly Lusts*, which war against the *Soul*, 1 Pet. 2. 12. Heb. 11. 13.

IV.

And so long as we remember we are
but.

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but *Sojourners* upon Earth, we shall pass the time of our *Sojourning* here in fear. And behaving our selves, among the *Gentiles* as a chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood, an Holy Nation, a peculiar People, we shall shew forth his Praise, who hath called us out of *Darkness* into his marvellous light, 1 Pet. 2. 9. 12.

V.

Next let us consider, that since our *Life* is uncertain, as well as short, it concerns us immediately, to Labour hard in the improvement of this our *Span* into *Eternity*; to employ our very short and uncertain time, in making a seasonable Provision against them both; I mean its shortness, and its uncertainty.

VI.

For shall we be *lavish* even of that, which is so easily *Lost*, and of which we have so very little, and every minute of which little, does carry such a weight with it, as will be either a kind of *Pulley* to help to raise us up to *Heaven*, or else a *Clogg* to pull us down to the lowest *Hell*? of whatsoever we may be wasteful, we ought to be *Chary* of our time, which doth incontinently *perish*, and will eternally be reckoned on our *Account*.

VII.

VII.

Now the way to provide against the *shortness* of our *Life*, is so to live as to die, to the greatest advantage to be imagin'd; so to die, as to live for ever.

What *Tobit* said to *Tobias*, *Tob. 4. 21.*

in respect of wealth, [*Fear not my Son, that we are made poor, for thou hast much wealth, if thou fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is pleasing in his sight.*]

He might have said as well in respect of *Wisdom*, and by Consequence as well in respect of long *Life*. For as the *Fear* of the *Lord* is solid *Wisdom*, and to depart from evil is understanding, *Job 28.*

28. So honourable Age is; not that which standeth in the length, nor that is measured by number of years, but *Wisdom* is the Gray-hair unto Men, and an unspotted *Life* is old Age, *Wisd. 4. 8, 9.*

VIII.

To be devoted like *Anna*, to the House of God, so as to serve him Night and Day with Fasting and Prayer, *Luke 2. 37.* and not to Content our selves with that which is meerly lawful, or barely enough to serve turn, but to study the things that are more excellent, to strain hard towards Perfection, to forget those things that are behind, and to reach forth

unto

unto those things that are before, pressing on towards the Mark, for the price of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, Phil. 3. 13, 14.

IX.

This is to *amplifie* our lives, and to frustrate the Malice of our Mortality ; and as the want of *Stature*, many times is supply'd in *thickness* ; so this is to *live a great deal in the little time of our Duration.*

The Prayer.

STrengthen us therefore, O Lord, against the Vanities of the World, and raise up our Thoughts to the Contemplation of thy Glory, level in us every proud Thought that dares exalt it self against the Power and Purity of thy Law ; and sanctifie us for thy self and thy Service more, that the Practice of a Holy Life may be, as it ought, our chiefest Employment, that so when we depart hence, we may be received to thee, and being seen no more here, we may behold thee in thy Heavenly Kingdom. *Amen.*

Meditation XXX.

Motives not to defer our Repentance, to a future time.

TO provide against the *uncertainty* of our *time*, the way to do that, is to distrust the future, and to lay hold upon the present; so to live every hour, as if we were not to live the next. Having a short time to live, our time to repent cannot be long. And not assured of the morrow, 'tis madness not to repent to day: when we see many Persons of the most promising Countenances, and the most prosperous Constitutions, not only snatched away by an early, but sudden Death, Why should we not seriously consider, that we may be of their number, having no Promise to the contrary, either within or without us?

II. *And Consider*

What happens to any Man, may happen to every Man; every Man being surrounded with the same measures of Mortality. 'Tis true indeed, that we may live till we are Old; but 'tis as true, that we may die whilst we are Young; and therefore the latter Possibility

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sibility should as well prevail with us for a dispatch of our Repentance, as the former too too often prevails upon us for a delay.

III.

Nay if we procrastinate our Repentance, in hope of living till we are Old. How much rather should we precipitate it, for fear of dying whilst we are Young? (if yet it were possible, to precipitate so good and necessary a work, as a *solid, impartial, sincere Repentance.*)

IV.

For as to repent whilst we are Young, can never do us the least prejudice; so it may probably do us the greatest harm, to post it off till we are Old: Nay, it may cost us the loss of Heaven, and a sad Eternity in Hell, if we defer our Repentance (I do not say till we are Old, but if we defer it) being Young, till one day older than now we are.

V.

And shall we defer it beyond to day, because we may do it as well to morrow? This is madness unexpressible: For as 'tis true, that we may, so 'tis as true, that we may not. Our knowledge

ledge of the one, is just as little as of the other. (Or rather our ignorance is just as much) and shall we dare to tempt God, by presuming upon that which we do not know?

VI.

Are Heaven and Hell such trivial things, as to be put to a bare adventure? Shall we play for Salvation, as 'twere by flippin' Cross or Pile? implicitly saying within our selves, *If we live till the morrow, we will repent and be saved; but if we die before Night, we will die in our Sins, and be damn'd for ever.*

VII.

Shall we reason within our selves, that though we know our own Death, may be as sudden as other Mens, yet we will put it to the venture, and make no doubt but to fare, as well as hitherto we have done? What is this, but to dally with the Day of Judgment, or to bewray our dis-belief, that there is any such thing? its true, we may live until the morrow, and so on the morrow we may repent.

VIII.

But what is this to the purpose, that tis certain enough we may, whilst it is as doubt-

doubtful, whether we shall? is it not good to make sure of Happiness, by repenting seriously at present, rather than let it lye doubtful, by not repenting until anon? Methinks we should easily be perswaded, to espouse that Course, which we are thoroughly convinc'd does tend the most to our advantage.

IX.

When the rich Worldling in the Parable, *Luke 12. 22.* was speaking *Placencia* to his Soul, *Soul take thine ease,* alledging no other Reason, than his having *much Goods for many years*; nothing is fitter to be observ'd, than our Saviour's words upon that occasion, *Stulte, thou Fool, this Night shall thy Soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?*

X.

However the Men of this World, have quite another measure of Wit, and do esteem it the greatest prudence to take their Pleasure whilst they are Young, reserving the work of Mortification for times of Sicknes, and old Age, when 'twill be easie to leave their Pleasures, because their Pleasures will leave them: yet in the Judgment of God the Son, the

the *Word* and *Wisdom* of the *Father*, 'Tis the part of a Block-head, and a Fool, to make Account of more years, than he is sure of days or hours.

XI.

He is a Sot, as well as a Sinner, who does adjourn and shift off the Amendment of his Life, perhaps till twenty or thirty, or forty years after his Death. 'Tis true indeed, that *Hezekiah*, whilst he was yet in the Confines and Skirts of Death, had a *Lease of Life* granted no less than *fifteen years long*; but he deferr'd not his *Repentance* one day the longer, 2 *Kings* 20. 6.

XII.

And shall we adventure to live an hour in an impenitent Estate, who have not a *Lease of Life* promised, no not so much as an hour? shall we dare enter into our Beds, and sleep securely any one Night, not thinking how we may awake, whether in Heaven or in Hell? we know 'tis timely Repentance, which must secure us of the one, and 'tis final impenitence which gives us assurance of the other.

XIII.

What the Apostle of the *Gentiles* hath said of wrath, may be as usefully spoken
ken

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ken of every other provoking Sin,
Ephes. 4. 6. *Let not the Sun go down upon it.* Let us not live in any Sin until the Sun is gone down, because we are far from being sure we shall live till Sun-rising.

XIV.

How many Professors go to sleep, (when the Sun is gone down, and the Curtains of the Night are drawn about them,) in a State of *Drunkennes* or *Adultery*, in a State of *Avarice* or *Malice*, in a State of *Sacrilege* or *Rebellion*, in a State of *Deceitfulness* and *Hypocrisie*, without the least Consideration, how short a time they have to live, and how very much shorter than they imagine?

XV.

Yet unless they believe, they can Dream devoutly, and truly repent when they are sleeping, they cannot but know they are damn'd for ever, if the Day of the Lord shall come upon them as a Thief in the Night, and catch them napping in their impieties, 1 Thes. 5. 2. 4. 2 Pet. 3. 10.

XVI.

Consider this all ye that forget God, lest he pluck you away, and there be none to deliver you, Psal. 50. 22. Consider it all ye that forget your selves, that forget how

how few your days are, and how full of Misery. Consider your Bodies from whence they came; and consider your Souls, whither they are going. Consider your Life is in your Breath, and your Breath is in your Nostrils; and that in the management of a moment, (for the better, or for the worse) there dependeth either a joyful, or a sad Eternity.

XVII.

If our time indeed were certain as well as short (or rather if we were certain, how short it is,) there might be some Colour, or Pretence, for the putting off of our Reformation. But since we *know not at what hour our Lord will come*, Matth. 24. 42, 43, 44. this should mightily engage us, to be *hourly standing upon our watch*, Hab. 2. 1.

XVIII.

Next let us consider, that if our days, which are few, are *as full of trouble*; it should serve to make us less fond of Living, and less devoted to Self-preservation, and less afraid of the Cross of Christ, when our Faith shall be called to the severest Tryals.

XIX.

O Death, (saith the Son of Sirach, Eccles. 41. 2.) *acceptable is thy Sentence to*

G

the

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the Needy, and to him that is vexed with all things. The troubles incident to Life, have made the bitter in Soul to long for Death, and to rejoyce exceedingly when they have found the Grave, Job 3. 20, 21, 22.

XX.

If the Empress Barbara had been Orthodox, in believing Mens Souls to be just as mortal as their Bodies, Death at least would be capable of this Applause and Commendation, that it puts a Conclusion to all our Troubles.

XXI.

If we did not fear him, Who can cast both Body and Soul into Hell, Matth. 10. 27, 28. We should not need to fear them, Who can destroy the Body only ; because there is no Inquisition in the Grave, Eccles. 41. 4. There the wicked cease from troubling : And there the weary are at rest. There the Prisoners lye down with Kings and Councillors of the Earth. The Servant there is free from his Master. There is sleep and still silence, nor can they hear the voice of the Oppressour, Job 3. 14, 17, 18, 19.*

The Prayer.

O Lord God of my Salvation, thou hast delivered me from the Captivity and Bondage of Sin and Misery, fill my Heart with holy Sorrow and Compunction whenever I trespass against thee; and teach me so to deny my self, to mortifie my Affections, to crucifie my Lusts and all the Temptations of the Flesh, that I going on my way Mourning and Weeping, despising the Pleasures of this Life, may (when thy great Harvest shall come, and thy Reapers the Angels shall separate the Wheat from the Tares) come before thee with Joy, and escape everlasting Burnings, through the Mercies of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Meditation XXXI.

The Sick Man's last Will and Testament.

IN the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I a poor Sinner, of sound and perfect Memory : being daily

ly read in the Lecture of Man's Mortality, how all *Flesh is Grass*, and the *Beauty* thereof as the *Flower* of the Field; which this day flourisheth, to morrow withereth: and that it is every Christian's Duty to *Prepare* himself before *Death* come, lest it find him unprovided at such time as it shall approach.

II.

Moved I say, with these Considerations, I have here made this my last Will and Testament as followeth. First, I bequeath my Soul into the hands of my gracious Redeemer, by whose most precious Blood I was Ransomed: and by whose Merits and Mercies I hope to be Glorified.

III.

And forasmuch as there was no safety out of the Ark; nor no Salvation now without the pale of the Church, figured by the Ark: and that the Tares from the Wheat must be severed: And the Sheep and the Goats must not into one Fold be gathered.

IV.

Here in the Presence of God, and his Holy Angels; for the discharge of my own Conscience, and the Satisfaction of others, who, perchance, have
in

in their Opinions been divided, doubting much how I in Points of Religion stood affected; do I make a free and publick Confession of my Faith: Being that Cement by which we are knit unto her, and made Members of her.

V.

I believe the Holy Catholick Church, to be the Communion of the Faithful, whereof I desire to live and die a Member: to suffer for which I should account it an Honour: holding this ever for a Principle; that none can have God for his Father, that will not take this Holy Spouse, the Church, for his Mother.

VI.

There is no Article in the Apostles Creed, which I do not believe for Catholick and Orthodoxal, with the Exposition thereof, and every Clause or Particle thereof in such manner, as it hath been universally received by the Holy Catholick Church, and holds in Consent or Harmony with the Holy Scripture, the Christians Armour; by which, and the constant Practice of Piety, every faithful Soldier of Christ may be enabled to pull down those strong Holds of his spiritual Enemy:

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and by Possessing his Soul in Patience,
obtain a glorious Victory.

VII.

With all due Reverence I esteem of
those two Sacraments; *Baptism*, and the
Lord's Supper, the one to cleanse and pu-
rifie us at our entring: the other to
strengthen and sanctifie us Living: and
to glorifie our Souls at their departing.
As with my Heart, I believe unto Righ-
teousness, so with my Mouth, do I
confess unto Salvation.

VIII.

Neither do I profess my self such a
Solifidian, as to hold Faith sufficient to
Salvation without Works: Neither such
a Champion for good Works, as to
hold Works effectual without Faith.
As Faith is the Root, so are Works
the Fruit. These are ever to go
hand in hand together: otherwise that
fearful Curse which our blessed Saviour
sometimes pronounced upon the *barren*
Fig-tree, must be their Censure.

IX.

And now in this day of my Change,
as in this Confidence I have ever liv'd;
so my Trust is that in the same I shall
dye: that in the Resurrection of my
Saviour Christ Jesus is my Hope: And
in

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in his Ascension is my Glory. For, I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that with these Eyes I shall see him.

X.

And having thus returned a due Account of my belief; my next thing is, to remember that Message returned by *Isaiab the Son of Amos to Hezekiah: set thine House in Order, for thou shalt die,* 2 Kings 20. 1. for it is a Maxim, when the outward part is orderly disposed, the inward cannot chuse but be better prepared.

XI.

To remove then from me, the Cares of this present Life, that I may take a more willing adieu of the World before I leave it, weaning my desires from it, by addressing my self to a better: for live he cannot in the Land of the living, who prepares not himself for it before his arriving.

XII.

And now my Worldly Cares are drawn near unto their Period. Seeing then I am sailing towards my Harbour; let me strike Anchor: that taking the Wings of the Morning, I may fly to the Bosome of my dear Redeemer: go forth then my Soul, what fearest thou?

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thou? Go forth, why tremblest thou? thou hast had enough of these Worldly Pleasures; for what foundst thou there but Anguish? turn then thy Face to the Wall, and think of the I and of Promise.

XIII.

Thou hast now but a little time left thee: the remainder whereof is justly exacted by him that made thee. Sighs, Sobs, Prayers and Tears, are all the Treasures that are left thee: and precious Treasures shall these be to thee, if presented by Faith to the Throne of mercy; for the Enemy can never prevail, where Christian Fear, and constant hope possesseth the Soul.

XIV.

Let thy desire then be *planted*, where thy *Treasure* is placed; and as one ravished with a spiritual Fervour, cry out and spare not, with that devour Father St. Hierom, Saying, *Should my Mother tear her Hair, rent her Cloaths, lay forth those Breasts which nursed me, and hang about me; should my Father lye in the way to stop me, my Wife and Children weep about me; I would throw off my Mother, neglect my Father, contemn the Lamentation of my Wife and Children, to meet my Saviour.*

XV.

XV.

And less than this, O my Soul, thou canst not do; if thou callest to mind what thou leavest; to whom thou goest; and what thou hast in Exchange for that thou lovest. For what dost thou leave here, but a World of Misery? to whom goest thou, but to a God of Mercy? and what hast thou in Exchange, for a vile, frail and corruptible Body, but immortal Glory? Whatsoever thou hadst here, was got with Pain, kept with Fear, and lost with Grief: whereas now thou art to possess eternal Riches without Labouring; and to enjoy them without fear of losing.

The Prayer.

O God, my Heart then is ready, my Heart is ready; too long have I sojourned here, and made my self a Stranger to my Heavenly Countrey. It is high time for me then to discamp; and to leave these Tents of *Kedar*: that I may rest without Labouring; rejoyce without sorrowing; and live without dying in the Celestial *Tabor*; saying with that Vessel of Election, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, even so Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

*A Prayer, when we hear a Bell ring for
a Person at the Point of Death.*

O Eternal God, I humbly thank thee, for speaking in this voice to my Soul, and I humbly beseech thee also, to accept my Prayers in his behalf, by whose occasion this voice, this sound is come to me. For though he, and all of us, have highly offended thee, yet do thou in mercy receive us, and grant, that now his Soul being ready to depart from hence, to thy Kingdom, it may quickly return to a joyful re-union to that Body which it hath left; and that we with it, may soon enjoy the full Consummation of all, in Body and Soul.

II.

I humbly beg at thy hand, O merciful God, for thy Son Christ Jesus sake, That thy Blessed Son may have the Consummation of his Dignity, by entering into his last Office, the Office of a Judge, and may have Society of humane Bodies in Heaven, as well, as he hath had ever of Souls; and that as thou hatest Sin it self, thy hate to sin may be exprest in the abolishing of all Instruments

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ments of Sin, the Allurements of this World, and the World it self; and all the temporary Revenges of Sin, the Stings of Sickness and of Death; and all the Castles and Prisons, and Monuments of Sin in the Grave.

III.

Let time be swallowed up in Eternity, and hope swallowed in Possession, and ends swallowed in infiniteness, and all Men ordained to Salvation, in Body and Soul, be one intire and everlasting Sacrifice to thee, where thou mayst receive Delight from them, and they Glory from thee, for evermore. *Amen.*

Meditation XXXII.

Of this Life compared with Eternity.

FOrasmuch, as *Man* who is born of a *Woman*, hath but a short time to live, and is full of Trouble: so *Man*, as regenerate and born of God, hath a long time to live, and is full of Bliss. A Life so long that it runs parallel with Eternity; and therefore (without an abuse) we cannot use such an Expression as length of time. II.

II.

It is not a *long*, but an *endless* Life; it is not *Time*, but *Eternity*, which now I speak of. Nor is it a *wretched* Eternity, of which a Man may have the Privilege, as he is *born of a Woman*; but an Eternity of *Bliss*, which is competent to him only as *born of God*.

III.

And of this Bliss, there is such a fullness, that our Heads are too thick to understand it. Or if we were able to understand it, yet our Hearts are too narrow to give it Entrance. Or if our Hearts could hold it, yet our Tongues are too stammering to express and utter it. Or if we were able to do that, yet our Lives are too short to Communicate and reveal it to other Creatures. In a word, it is such, as not only *Eye hath not seen*, nor *Ear heard*, but it *never hath entred into the Heart of Man to conceive*. Incomprehensible as it is, 'tis such as *God hath prepared for them that love him*, 1 Cor. 2. 9.

IV.

If we compare this Life, with that of *Job's* which is full of Trouble, it will several ways be useful to us; for it will moderate our Joys, whilst we pos-

sees our dear Friends; and it will mitigate our Sorrows, when we have lost them; for it will mind us, that they are freed from a Life of Misery, and that they are happily translated to one of Bliss. Nay, if we are true Lovers indeed, and look not only at our own Interest, but at the Interest of the parties to whom we vow affection, we even lose them to our advantage, because to theirs.

V.

Lastly, it sweetens the solemn Farewel, which our immortal Souls must take of our mortal Bodies; we shall desire to be dissolved, when we can groundedly hope we shall be with Christ; we shall groan, and groan earnestly to be unclothed of our Bodies, with which we are burden'd; if we live by this Faith, that we shall shortly be cloath'd upon with our House from Heaven, 2 Cor. 5. 7, 23, 24. We shall cheerfully lay down our Bodies in the Dust, when 'tis to rest in Peace: who will certainly raise us by his Power, that we may rest and Reign with him in Glory. Amen.

The Prayer.

HOW hardly can we be perswaded, O Lord, to forsake the vanishing Pleasures of this Life, for thy Glory and our own Happiness? How unwillingly should we lay down our Lives for thy sake or the Gospels, that can so hardly part with one Sin in obedience to thy Law?

II.

Thy Yoke is easie, and thy Service a perfect Freedom; and yet we count thy Sanctuary a Prison, thy Law a trouble, and can scarce Sacrifice so much time to our Devotions, as to pay unto thee the Honour due unto thy Name.

III.

Pardon and Pity this Corruption of our Frames; and teach us whether we live or die, to delight in that for which thou madest us; even to glorifie thee: That so whensoever this earthly Tabernacle shall be dissolved, we may receive our Change with Joy, and be carried by Angels to an everlasting Inheritance, there to remain to all Eternity. *Amen.*

Medita-

Meditation XXXIII.

COMFORTS against the Fears of DEATH, and Consolations against immoderate Grief for the loss of Friends.

IF it be a Blessing of the vertuous to Mourn, the reward which attends it, is to be Comforted; and he that pronounc'd the one, promis'd the other. I doubt not, but that Spirit, whose Nature is Love, and whose Name Comforter, as he knows the occasion of our Grief, so hath he salved and season'd it, with supplies of Grace, pouring into our Wounds no less Oyl of mercy than wine of Justice.

II.

Yet since affection oweth Compassion as a Duty to the afflicted, and Nature hath ingrafted a desire to find it; that which dieth to our Love, is always alive to our Sorrow, and we might have been kind to a less loving Friend; but finding in him, so many worths to be loved, our Love wrought more earnestly upon so sweet a Subject,

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ject, which now being deprived of, our Grief to our Love is not inferiour, the one being ever the Balance of the other.

III.

The Scripture moveth us to shed Tears for the dead, a thing not offending Grace, and a right to reason. For to be without remorse, at the Death of Friends, is neither incident nor convenient to the Nature of Man; having too much Affinity to a savage Temper, and overthrowing the ground of all Piety, which is mutual Sympathy in each others Miseries. But as not to feel Sorrow in sorrowful Chances, is to want Sense; so not to bear it with Moderation, is to want understanding; The one brutish, the other effeminate: and he hath cast his Account best, that hath brought his Sum to a proper *Medium*.

IV.

It is no less Criminal to exceed in Sorrow, than to pass the limits of Competent Mirth: for excess in either, is a disorder in Passion; though that sorrow of Friendship be less blamed of Men, because if it be a Crime, it is also a Punishment, at once causing and creating Torments. It is no good Sign in the Sick

Sick to be Senseless in his Pains ; and as bad it is to be unusually sensitive, being both either Harbingers, or Attendants of Death.

V.

Let our condoling, since it is due to the Dead, testify a feeling of Pity, not any pang of Passion, and bewray rather a tender than a dejected mind ; Mourn, so as your Friends may find you a living Example, all Men, a discreet Mourner, making Sorrow a Signal, not a Superior to Reason.

VI.

Some are so obstinate in their own Will ; that even time, the natural Remedy of the most violent Agonies, cannot by any delays assuage their Grief: they entertain their Sorrow with solitary Muses, and feed their Sighs and Tears with doleful Accents: they Pine their Bodies, and draw all pensive Consideration to their minds, nursing their Heaviness with a Melancholy humour, as though they had dedicated themselves to sadness, unwilling it should end, till it had ended them: wherein their Folly sometimes findeth a ready effect ; that being true, which Solomon observed, that *as a Moth the Garment,*
and

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and a Worm the Wood, so doth sadness
perswade the Heart.

VII.

But this impotent softness fitteth not sober minds, we must not make a Lives profession of a seven Nights Duty ; nor under Colour of kindness to others, be unnatural to our selves : if some in their Passions drive their Thoughts into such Labyrinths, that neither Wit knoweth, nor Will careth how long, or how far they wander in them, it discovereth their weakness, but deserveth our Meditation.

VIII.

The Scripture warneth us, not to give our Hearts up to heaviness, yea rather to reject it as a thing not beneficial to the Dead, but prejudicial to our selves : *Eccles. 38.* alloweth but seven days of Mourning, judging Moderation in Grief, to be a sufficient Testimony in Good-will, and a necessary rule of Wisdom.

IX.

Much lamenting for the Dead, is either the Child of Self-love, or of rash Judgment, if we should shed our Tears for the Death of others, as a Mediocrity to our Contentment ; we expose
but

but our own Wound, even perfect Lovers of our selves. If we lament their decease, as their hard Determination, we Tax them of ill deserving, with too peremptory a Censure, as though their Life had been an arise, and their Death a leap into final Perdition; for otherwise a good departure craveth small condoling, being but a Harbour from Storms, an entrance unto Felicity.

X.

Our Life is a due Debt to a more certain Owner than our selves, and therefore so long as we have it, we receive a benefit; when we are deprived of it, we have no wrong: We are Tenants at Will, of this Clay-farm, not for term of years; when we are warned out, we must be ready to remove, having no other Title but the owners Pleasure: it is but an Inn, not an Home: we came to bait, not to dwell, and the Condition of our entrance was, in short, to depart. If this Departure be grievous, it is also common, this to day to me, to morrow to thee; and the Case equally afflicting all, leaves none any cause to complain of injurious usage.

XI.

Natures Debt is sooner exacted of
some

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some than of others ; yet there is no fault in the Creditor, who exacteth but his own, but in the Greediness of our eager hopes, either repining that their Wishes fail, or willingly forgetting their Mortality, whom they are unwilling by experience to see Mortal : yet the general Tide wafteth all Passengers to the same Shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last : and we must fix our minds upon our time when it is come, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet ever expecting a thing so uncertain.

XII.

God hath conceal'd from us, the time of our Death, leaving us resolv'd between fear and hope of longer continuance. He cuts off unripe Cares, lest with the notice and Pensiveness of our Divorce from the World, we should lose the Comforts of necessary Contentments, and before our dying day, languish away with expectation of Death.

XIII.

Some are taken in their first step into this Life, receiving at once, their Welcome and Farewel, as though they had been born, only to be buried, and

to

to take their Pasport, in this hourly middle of their Course; the good to prevent Change; the bad to shorten their impiety.

XIV.

Who is there that hath any Vertue eternized, or deserts commended to Posterity, that hath not mourned in Life, and been bewailed after Death, no assurance of joy being sealed without some Tears? Even the Blessed Virgin the Mother of God, was thrown down as deep in temporal Miseries, as she was advanc'd high in spiritual Honours; none amongst all mortal Creatures, finding in Life more Proof than she of her Mortality.

XV.

For having the noblest Son, that ever Woman was Mother of, not only above the Condition of Men, but above the Glory of Angels, being her Son only without temporal Father, and thereby the Love of both Parents doubled in her Breast, being her only Son without other issue, and so her Love of all Children expired in him: as he was God, and she the nearest Creature to God's perfections, yet no Prerogative exempted her from Mourning, or him
from

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from dying : and though they surmount-
ed the highest Angels in all other Pre-
eminences ; yet were they equal with
the meanest Men in the Sentence of
Death.

XVI.

And however the Blessed Virgin, be-
ing the Pattern of Christian Mourners,
so tempered her anguish, that there was
neither any thing undone that might be
exacted of a Mother, nor any thing done
that might be mis-liked in so perfect a
Matron; yet by this we may guess with
what kindnesses Death is like to be-
friend us, that durst cause so Bloody
Funerals in so Heavenly a Progeny,
not exempting him from the Laws of
dying; that was the Author of Life,
and soon after to honour his Tri-
umphs, with a glorious Resurrection.

XVII.

Seeing therefore, that Death spareth
none, let us spare our Tears for better
uses, being but an Idol-Sacrifice to this
deaf and implacable Executioner. And
for this, not long to be continued,
where they can never profit, Nature
did promise us a weeping Life, exact-
ing Tears for Custom, at our first en-
trance, and to furnish our whole Course
in

in this doleful beginning; therefore they must be used with Discretion, that must be used so often; and where so many Debts lie yet unpaid, which must be satisfied by Tears of Repentance.

XVIII.

Since we cannot put a Period to our Tears, let us at least reserve them: If Sorrow cannot be shun'd, let it be taken in time of need, since otherwise being both troublesome and fruitless, it is a double Misery, or an open Folly. We moisten not the ground with precious Waters, they were distill'd to nobler ends, either by their Vertues to delight our Senses, or by their Operations to preserve our Healths.

XIX.

Our Tears are water of too high a Price, to be prodigally poured in the Dust of any Graves. If they be Tears of Love, they perfume our Prayers, making them Odour of sweetness, fit to be offered on the Altar of the Throne of God: if Tears of Contrition, they are water of Life to the dying Souls, they may purchase Favour, and repeal the Sentence, till it be executed, as the Example of *Ezechias* doth testifie: but when the Punishment

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nishment is past, and Verdict perform'd in effect, their pleading is in vain, as *David* taught us when his Child was dead, 2 *Kings* 11. saying that he was likelier to go to it, than it, by his weeping, to return to him.

XX.

Learn therefore to give Sorrow no long Dominion over you, wherefore the Wise should rather mark than expect an end; meet it not when it cometh, do not invite it when 'tis absent: When you feel it, do not force it, for the brute Creatures have but a short, though vehement Sense of their Losses. You should bury the sharpness of your Grief in the Grave, and rest contented, with a kind, yet mild Compassion, neither less decent for you, nor more than agreeable to your Nature and Judgment.

XXI.

Your much Heaviness would renew a multitude of Grievs, and your Eyes would be Springs to many Streams, adding to the Memory of the dead, a new occasion of Complaint to your own discomfort; the Motion of your Heart measureth the beating of many Pulses, which in any Distemper of your quiet
with

with the like stroke will soon bewray
themselves sick of your Disease.

XII.

The terms of our Life, are like the Seasons of the year; some for Sowing, some for Growing, some for Reaping; in this only different, that as the Heavens keep their prescribed Periods, so the Succession of time have their appointed Changes. But in the Seasons of our Life, which are not the Law of necessary Causes, some are reaped in the Seed, some in the Blade, some in the unripe Ears, all in the end; this Harvest depending upon the Reapers Will.

XXIII.

Death is too ordinary a thing to seem any Novelty, being a familiar Guest in every House; and since his coming is expected, and his Errand known, neither his Presence should be feared, nor his Effects lamented; what wonder is it to see fuel burned, Spice bruised, or Snow melted? and as little fearful it is to see those dead, that were born upon Condition once to die.

XXIV.

Night and Sleep, are perpetual Mir-
rours, figuring in their darkness, silence,
H shutting

shutting up of Senses, the final end of our mortal Bodies : and for this some have entituled Sleep the eldest Brother of Death : but with no less Convenience it might be called one of Death's Tenants, near unto him in Affinity of Condition ; yet far inferiour in right, being but Tenant for a time, of that Death, which is the Inheritance : for by Ver- tue of the Conveyance made to him in Paradise , that Dust we were, and to Dust we must return ; he hath hitherto shewed his Seigniority over all, exact- ing of us not only the yearly, but hourly Revenue of time, which ever by minutes we defray unto him.

XXV.

So that our very Life, is not only a Memory, but a part of our Death, and the longer we have lived, the less time we have to come, what is the daily lessening of our Life, but a con- tinual dying ? and therefore none is more grieved with the running out of the last Sand in an Hour-Glass, than with all the rest ; so should not the end of the last hour trouble us any more, than of so many that went be- fore, since that did but finish the Course, that all the rest were still ending : not
the

the quantity, but the quality commendeth our Life; the ordinary Gain of long Livers, being only a great burthen of Sin.

XXVI.

Let your mind therefore Consent to that which your Tongue daily craveth, that God's will may be done, as well here upon Earth, as it is done in Heaven, since his Will, is the best measure of all Events; there is in this World continual enterchange of pleasing and greeting Accidents, still keeping their Succession of times, and overtaking each other in their several Courses.

XXVII.

No Picture can be all drawn of the brightest Colours, nor an Harmony consorted only of Trebles: shadows are useful in expressing of Proportions, and the base is a principal part in perfect Musick: the Condition of our Exile here alloweth no unmingled Joy, our whole Life is temperate between sweet and sowre, and we must all look for a mixture of both.

XXVIII.

The Wise so wish: Better, that they still think of worse, accepting the one, if it come with liking, and bearing the

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other without impatience, being so much Masters of each others Fortunes, that neither shall work them to excess; the Dwarf groweth not up to the highest Hill, nor the Tallest loseth not his height in the lowest Valley; and as a base sordid mind, though most at ease, will be dejected: so a resolute Vertue in the deepest distress is most impregnable.

XXIX.

They evermore most perfectly enjoy their Comforts, that least fear their afflictions; for a desire to enjoy carrieth with it a fear to lose: and both Desire and Fear are Enemies to quiet Possession, making Men rather Owners of God's Benefits, than Tenants at his Will. The cause of our Troubles are, that our misfortunes happen either to unwitting or unwilling minds; foresight preventeth the one, necessity the other: and he taketh away the smart of present Evils that attendeth their coming, and is not frightened at any Cross, but is armed against all.

XXX.

Where necessity worketh without our Consent, the Effects should never greatly afflict us, Grief being insignificant

ficant where it cannot help, needless where there was no fault committed; if Men should lay all their Evils together, to be afterwards by equal Portions divided among them, most Men would rather take that they brought, than stand to the Division.

XXXI.

Yet such is the partial Judgment of Self-love, that every Man judgeth his own Misery too great, fearing if he can find some Circumstances to increase it, and making it tolerable, by thought to induce it; when *Moses* threw his Rod from him, it became a Serpent ready to sting him, and affrighted him, inso-much as it made him fly; but being quietly taken up, it was a Rod again, serviceable for his use, and no way hurtful.

XXXII.

The Cross of Christ, and Rod of every Tribulation, seeming to threaten Stinging and Terrour to those that shun it: but they that mildly take it up, and embrace it with Patience, may say with *David*, thy Rod and thy Staff have been my Comfort. Affliction much resembleth the *Crocodile*; fly, it pursueth and frighteth; followed, it

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flyeth and feareth; a shame to the
Constant, and a Tyrant to the Ti-
morous.

XXXIII.

Soft minds, that think only upon
Delights, admit no other Consideration,
but in flattering Objects, become so
effeminate, as that they are apt to
bleed with every sharp impression;
but he that useth his Thoughts with
Expectation of Troubles, making their
Travel through all hazards, and oppo-
sing his Resolution against the sharpest
Encounters, findeth in the Product fa-
cility of Patience, and easeth the Load
of most heavy Troubles.

XXXIV.

We must have temporal things in
use, but eternal in Wish, that in the
one neither Delight exceed (in that we
have no Desire, in that we want) and
in the other our most delight is here in
desire, and our whole Desire, is hereafter
to enjoy; they straiten too much their
Joys, that draw them into the reach
and compass of their Senses, as if it
were no Facility, where no Sense is
Witness: whereas if we exclude our
passed and future Contentments, Plea-
sures have so fickle an assurance, that
either

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either as forestalled before their Arrival, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun.

XXXV.

The Repetition of former Comforts, and the Expectation of after Hopes, is ever a relief unto a vertuous mind : whereas others not suffering their Lives to continue in the Conveniences of that which was, and shall be divided, this day from yesterday and to morrow, and by forgetting all, and forecasting nothing, abridge their whole Life, into the moment of present Eternity.

XXXVI.

How ought we then to submit our selves to God's Will ; let him strip you to the Skin, nay to the Soul, so he stay with you himself ; let his Reproach be your Honour, his Poverty your Riches, and he in lieu of all other Friends : think him enough for this World, that must be all your Possession for a whole Eternity ; and in all your Crosses and Afflictions in this Life, humbly say with Holy *Job*, *The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the Name of the Lord.* *Te Deum Laudamus.*

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